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A Remarkable Case of Abstinence.

[Communicated by ROBERT WILLAN, M. D.]

A YOUNG man, of a studious and melancholic turn of mind, was affected, during the years 1784—5, with symptoms of indigestion, particularly with sharp pains in the stomach, and a constant sensation of heat internally.

He thought proper, in the year 1786, to begin a severe course of abstinence, hoping, as he informed me, thus to relieve those disagreeable complaints: but, from other circumstances, it appears, that some mistaken notions in religion principally induced him to form this resolution.

In consequence of it he suddenly withdrew from business, and the society of his friends, took lodgings in an obscure street, and entered upon his plan; which was, to abstain from all solid food, and only to moisten his mouth, from time to time, with water slightly flavoured with juice of oranges. After three days of abstinence, the craving, or desire for food, which was at first very troublesome, left him entirely: he then pursued his studies and meditations without farther inconvenience. He used no manner of exercise; and slept very little, spending most of the

night in writing. The quantity of water used each day, was from half a pint to a pint. Two oranges served him for a week: I inquired whether he chewed the pulp: but found he had only squeezed the juice into the water, to give it an agreeable flavour.

He made urine in moderate quantity, always clear, and without sediment. He had a natural stool on the second day of this course, and again on the 40th day, but after that no more, though he persisted twenty days longer without any variation in his plan.—During the last ten days of it, his strength failed very rapidly; when he found himself unable to rise from his bed, he began to be somewhat alarmed. Hitherto he had flattered himself that his support was preternatural; and indulged his imagination with the prospect of some great event, which he expected would follow this extraordinary abstinence. But his delusion at length vanished: he found himself gradually wasting and sinking to the grave.

His friends, about the same time, having discovered his retreat, prevailed upon him to admit the vi-

fits of a respectable clergyman in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, with great address and judgment, pointed out the fallacy of his visionary ideas; and finally obtained his assent to any plan that might be conducive to his recovery. I was therefore called on to prescribe the mode of treatment, and accordingly visited him, on the 6th day of his fast, March 23, 1786.

He was at that time emaciated to a most astonishing degree, the muscles of the face being entirely shrunk: his cheek bones and processus zygomatici stood prominent and distinct, affording a most ghastly appearance: his abdomen was concave, the umbilicus seeming to be retracted, from the collapsed state of the intestines: the skin and abdominal muscles were shrunk below the brim of the pelvis, and under the ribs, leaving the space vacant betwixt the ossa ilia, the lower ribs, and spine.—His limbs were reduced to the greatest possible degree of tenuity; the ossa ischia, the internal trochanters, and all the processes of the bones being easily distinguishable.

His whole appearance suggested the idea of a skeleton, prepared by drying the muscles upon it, in their natural situations.

His eyes were not deficient in lustre, and his voice remained clear and sound, notwithstanding his general weakness.

I found him labouring under great imbecility of mind. He had undertaken, during this retirement, to copy the bible in short hand, and this work he had executed very nearly as far as the 2d book of Kings, with short arguments prefixed to each chapter.—He shewed me several improve-

ments he had made in that kind of writing, particularly in the abbreviations. He had also with great diligence put together parallel passages, and traced particular subjects through the whole scriptures, noting their application in different instances, and adding observations of his own. The clergyman who examined this performance, told me he had proceeded regularly at first, with some ingenuity and judgment, but that afterwards he became obscure, and seemed to be lost in endless confusion.

March 23d. He was directed to drink a pint of barley water, and two cups of panada, which agreed very well with his stomach. He had a little feverish heat in the first part of the night, but slept better than usual.

March 24. He had this day some mutton tea, the taste of which was most delicious to him, and particularly provoked his appetite. His pulse was 72, small and temperate.

On the 25th, he took a pint of milk for breakfast; a pint of mutton broth boiled with barley, for dinner; and as much rice milk for supper, at his own request. He had considerable cravings for food all that day, and would have taken much more than his allowance.

26th. In the morning he drank tea, and ate a quantity of bread and butter, which he got off from the table in the nurse's absence. Some time after he became sick, and vomited once or twice without much straining. About noon, he had a figured natural stool, and presently after two or three loose motions. His urine was of a natural colour, with a light encorema in the middle. His skin always remained dry.

I saw him in the evening, apparently much better : his pulse was at 90, and firmer. He was sitting up in an easy chair, as he found himself somewhat stronger. He spoke now of his complaints like an hypochondriac ; thought his eyes and tongue were diminished and wasted away. He said, the sensation of heat in the stomach had never left him, notwithstanding his spare diet. He talked, however, sensibly enough, and indeed with some acuteness on general subjects ; but was soon fatigued by conversation.

27th. He took a little light bread pudding at dinner, and had two eggs for supper ; with the taste of these he was particularly pleased. Every thing agreed well with him, he rested well, was more cheerful, and often expressed to me the satisfaction he felt in being freed from his strange delusion.

On the 28th, he seemed recovering apace ; his cheeks were more full ; his limbs had so far regained their strength, that he could easily walk across the room. He did not sleep much in the foregoing night, nor had had a stool during the day. He said the pain of his stomach had left him, which circumstance contributed much to enliven his spirits.

On the 29th, I found the scene entirely changed ; he began to lose his recollection in the preceding evening, and before midnight became quite frantic and unmanageable. His pulse was increased in frequency, with considerable heat on the skin, and tremors. He continued raving and talking very incoherently, as he had done during the night. A strong purgative draught, and two clysters administered in the course

of the day, produced but little evacuation.

He remained nearly in the same state of mind as above mentioned, scarce ever sleeping, and taking very little nourishment ; till the second of April, when a considerable quantity of loose feculent matter was brought away by a clyster. Soon after he became fullen, and took no notice of what passed about him.

He was removed at this time into the country, so that I did not visit him again till the sixth of April.

He appeared then emaciated to a greater degree, if possible, than when I first saw him. His pulse was small and feeble, beating 120 strokes in a minute.

April 7 and 8, he took whatever nourishment was offered to him ; knew those around him, and spoke sensibly, but faintly.

On the 9th, in the morning, he died, quite exhausted.

The duration of this young gentleman's fast is, I believe, longer than any recorded in the annals of physic. He could scarcely have been supported through it, except from an enthusiastic turn of mind, nearly bordering on insanity ; the effect of which, in fortifying the body against cold and hunger, is well known to physicians.

In the *Memoires de l'Academie des Sciences*, 1769, we have the case of a madman recorded, who lived forty-seven days without taking any thing but a pint and a half of water per day. He stood constantly in the same position for thirty eight days of that time : but during the remaining eight, he was obliged to lie down through weakness ; and then took nothing, refusing even water.

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When he first began to eat again, he recovered his reason for a time, but soon relapsed.

In the *Edinburgh Medical Essays*, vol. vi. a case is related of a young girl, who fasted, at one time, thirty four days, at another time, fifty-four days, from a spasm, or some obstruction of the œsophagus.

M. Pouteau, in his *Oeuvres Posthumes*, mentions a young lady thirteen years old, who, being unable to keep solid aliment on her stomach, subsisted eighteen months on syrup of capillaire, mixed with water, and in that time grew two inches and a half.

Several other remarkable instances of abstinence may be found in different works, particularly in *Stalpart Vander Wiel's Observ. Rar**, in the *Philosophical Transactions†*, and in the *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester‡*; but few conclusions of importance with regard to medical practice, can be deduced from such extraordinary cases. It is not, however, amiss to have ascertained for what length of time the human constitution is able to support itself under abstinence.

M. Pouteau, in the work just now mentioned, has made one observation on this subject which deserves attention. He thinks the virus of cancer may be eradicated by a water diet, and proposes a plan for that purpose, in which the patient must persist for two months. He assures, that health and strength are afterwards recoverable by a proper regimen. In one person a complete cure was

made by this plan. In others, who could not be prevailed upon to follow it more than one month, he says, the disease appeared to be very much mitigated. [*Lit. Mag.*]



Judge RUSH's Address.

Extract of an address delivered in court, by Judge RUSH, at Reading, the 4th inst. which address was published at the unanimous request of the grand jury of the county of Berks.

CHRISTIANITY, we are told by our law books, is part of the law of the land; and as such, a judge may at any time, without stepping aside from the path of duty, illustrate its precepts and enforce its evidences. It must therefore be particularly incumbent on him at this time, when deism is daily venting itself in ambiguous hints or sneers, or openly attacking religion with shallow argument—To the native growth of infidelity among us, it is more than possible, augmentations may have been made, in consequence of our admiration of a certain great nation in Europe, more especially as a member of the late convention in that country (generally supposed to have been actuated by an uncommon zeal for "The Rights of Man,") availing himself of his literary reputation, has, by an attempt to overthrow all religion, indirectly endeavoured to justify their blasphemous measures to extirpate it. It is really astonishing, Gentlemen, that a man who calls himself a patriot, should strive to undermine religion, the only foundation of government and morality. The penetrating genius of Montesquieu, taught him to entertain

* *Cent. post. pars pr. observ. xv.*

† *Vol. 67.*

‡ *Vol. ii. p. 467.*

certain sentiments very different from those of the "Age of Reason." Having compared the effects on society produced by different religions, and examined them merely in a political light, what is the decision? "The principles of Christianity," says he, "deeply engraved on the heart, would be infinitely more powerful than the false honour of monarchies, the humane virtues of republics, or the servile fear of despotic states." The vast comprehensive mind of the great Bacon, saw the subject in the same point of view. "There never was found," says this profound philosopher, "in any age of the world, either philosophy, or sect, or religion, or law, a discipline which did so highly exalt the public good, as the Christian faith."

I have already, Gentlemen, consumed more time than I intended, and shall therefore instantly close with a single observation.

If the great duties of truth and justice, and the purest precepts of morality; if the most exalted benevolence and unbounded humanity; if sincerity, candour, meekness, magnanimity, gentleness, and forgiveness of injuries, have a native tendency to improve the heart, and diffuse peace, order, and happiness among mankind, and are strictly enjoined by Christian religion, as indispensable conditions of obtaining the favour of the Deity; what must we think of the writer, who has exerted his talents to lessen our motives, or enfeeble our obligations to the practice of these beneficent and godlike virtues?

Save us, gracious heaven, from such patriots, and the extension of their baneful principles among us!

The Economist.

THE economist recommends *saving*, as the way to make *gain*. But he will be asked, whether a man's *gains* are always in proportion to his *savings*? Certainly they are not so, unless he saves with discretion. There is an extreme in saving, as well as in spending. The former may be as inconsistent with thriving, as the latter. "There is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty." Parcus is a husbandman. His father, twenty years ago, left him in possession of a good farm, which he has industriously occupied ever since; but he has made no progress. He has only just kept his ground; and the only difficulty is, he is afraid of every thing that looks like expense. He carries all his savings to an extreme.

If he buys a coat, he aims at the cheapest cloth in the shop, and thus always gets the poorest. The trimmings, the taylor's bill, and the time spent in going half a dozen times to the taylor, before the coat is finished, are about the same as if he had bought a good substantial coat; but it does not afford half the service.

There is not a farmer in the town, who, with the same quantity of hay, keeps so numerous a stock. But though he seldom sells or kills a beef, or mutton, he only just keeps his number good. His sheep shed half their wool before shearing time; his cattle arrive not to their growth, until they are five or six years old; and then they are but dwarfs: and his yard, every spring, is the rendezvous of all the neighbouring crows; and all because he is too saving of his hay. If he can make his creatures

tures live through the winter, he thinks he does well. His object is to keep a large stock on a little hay.

If he buys a breeding mare, what he principally regards is a low price. He does not consider, that a low priced animal will eat as much as any other; and that her foals are not of half the value. His buildings fall into ruins, because he dreads the expense of repairing: and the very timbers are rotting, while he tries to make the old covering last as long as possible. Rather than be at the expense of convenient implements for his husbandry, he depends on borrowing: and the time lost for want of them, and spent in borrowing and returning, every year amounts to five times their value. Thus Parcus carries on his business, and with great industry, on a good farm, he just supports a moderate family; while several of his neighbours, on farms no better, and with less labour, are growing rich, only by *discretion* in saving, and *judgment* in spending.



A Dialogue on Avarice and Covetousness: The history of the two Genoese Merchants.

[Continued from page 117.]

THESE strange words dispelled at once the mist that an artful conduct had spread before the eyes of Olimpia; she shuddered at the snare into which she had fallen; and as she knew the simplicity and honesty of Theresa, said to her; "No, my good friend, it is not the ghost of Olimpia you see, but herself; though a moment lost may effectually deprive her of her existence, by causing her to

lose her faithful Lorenzo for ever. Oh! help me! rescue me from the gulph ready to swallow me! violence will succeed deceitful persuasion, if I cannot find safety in this very instant."

"Come then, my dearest lady," answered the affectionate Theresa; "follow me with the confidence that the benefits you have conferred on me ought to inspire you with. My long lost husband is near with his boat; he will immediately convey you to the islands of Hieres where we live, and where my little Angela will be over-joyed to see again her most respected and sincerely lamented protectress."

Speaking thus, they advanced towards that arm of the sea which divides Marseilles into two parts, and forms a most commodious harbour; and, mixing with the crowd of people who are perpetually to be found on the borders of this wonderful port, entered the boat without being noticed.

No sooner had the honest husband of Theresa heard the name of Olimpia, and been apprized of her danger, than, taking his oars, with a zeal and alacrity which witnessed the excellence of his heart, he effectually put her out of the reach of pursuit.

Not one, however, suspected her fortunate escape; for Pinelli, doubting not that she had returned into the inner part of the convent, had quietly retired to his house; while the nuns, who alternately opened their second gate, supposed her in her own apartment, where they were willing to let her have some rest, that she might the better bear the fatigue of the next day.

It is impossible to describe the confusion into which the nunnery

was thrown, and the frantic rage of Pinelli, when in the morning Olimpia could no where be found. He reproached the nuns with neglect; they accused him of deceit, and of having himself secreted his daughter, protesting, that as they had delivered her into his hand, they were no more answerable for her. In short, their dispute was carried so far, that nothing but their reciprocal interest could have put an end to it; therefore, Pinelli perceiving the necessity of moderating his fury, and the nuns considering that the honour and credit of their convent required that this affair should be hushed, they parted with some appearance of civility, but not without having made all the secret enquiries they could venture.

At last it occurred to the mind of Pinelli that his daughter might have precipitated herself into the sea in one of these fits of despair, with which, according to his own observation, her gentle bosom was now and then agitated. With this shocking thought, or rather horrible hope, he returned to Genoa; where the reproaches of Lisabetta, who accused him for the affront she had received, and his involuntary remorse, incessantly disturbed his peace; if any peace can be found with crimes of so atrocious a nature.

How different was the present situation of Olimpia! Although she had been stricken off from the number of the living, and devoted by a cruel father to the lingering death of forced penury and corroding sorrow, she was richer and happier than he with all his treasures; for she enjoyed the content of innocence, the satisfaction of a requitted love, joined to the hope of perfect felicity, and found

around her all the charms which nature had formerly lavished on honest poverty.

Those who have seen the islands of Hieres cannot think it an exaggeration, if I compare them to what, it is said, the whole earth was in the golden age; for there Flora and Pomona exhibit their treasures at the same time; the Naiads offer pure and transparent water, which yield not in flavour to the so much celebrated rivulets of milk, while the simplicity and good fellowship of the inhabitants render them worthy of being governed by the goddesses of peace and equity.

In approaching these beautiful spots, the sight and smell of Olimpia had been stricken by the amphitheatres of orange and lemon trees that the ingenious hand of the gardner had raised there almost to the sky; she was extremely pleased with the recess to which she had been conducted, and which answered in natural delights the other parts of the islands; and now these pleasures were crowned by the amiable society of her kind hosts, who had formerly held a rank in the world more distinguishable, though not more happy, than that they now occupied.

It is to be remarked, that Olimpia owed all these advantages, as well as her fortunate deliverance, to the humanity with which she had employed the liberalities of a fond aunt for the support of Theresa, whose husband had been thought lost in a voyage to the East-Indies: a good action is seldom left unrewarded even in this life, by a providence who registers the debt, and acquits it in the most proper way.

Thus Theresa pretended that heaven had inspired her to buy some

some beads from the nuns, while her husband ascribed her accidental meeting with Olimpia to the happy choice he had made of his habitation, and to his scheme of carrying some fruits and flowers to Marseilles. As to the amiable Angela, she contented herself with renewing her thanks to Olimpia, for the education she had procured her, at every time that she flattered herself with having done something agreeable to her benefactress. A little council had been held among them, in which on the rehearsal of Pinelli's arts and cruelty, it was resolved, that Olimpia should remain in her concealment till they could hear some news of Lorenzo, on whose honour and fidelity, to the inexpressible joy of the tender maid, she now could rely.

The constant Lorenzo well deserved this confidence: with a heart bleeding for his, seemingly irreparable loss, he overran the Mediterranean sea, and, with an intrepidity partly owing to his disgust for life, pursued the enemies of his country; but though his existence was thus embittered by sorrow, the sweetness of his temper and the generosity of his disposition were not in the least altered. The right of retaliation made his captures lawful, and those he sent to his father; while, hearkening to the voice of humanity, he caused his needy captives to be exchanged for Christian slaves.

All his successes had hitherto cost him but very little trouble, when, at last, he met with an enemy worthy of his courage in the commander of a ship which he attacked. After a long fight he got the victory over his valiant adversary, whom he found to be no less

than Soliman, Basha of Algiers. Any other, but the noble minded youth, would have been transported with joy at such a rencounter, since the ransom of Soliman promised fair for wealth sufficient to satisfy covetousness itself; but the disinterested Lorenzo was less struck by this consideration, than by the despair which his captive expressed, and which he was endeavouring to calm, when the haughty Soliman turning to him said, "Believe me not, O Christian, either so weak as to be overcome by misfortune, or base enough to regret the gold which is to redeem my liberty! No, I am able to satiate thy avarice with a small part of my riches; but alas! the delay necessary for this transaction will cost me the dearest treasure of my heart! a woman whom I passionately love! and of whom my enemies, availing themselves of my absence, are going to deprive me for ever. O if thou wert generous enough to take my word, or to believe my oath, I would swear by Allah—"

"You are free from this very instant," interrupted Lorenzo. "Heaven forbid that I should expose any of my fellow creatures to the pangs of a desperate love!" Saying this, he conducted the astonished Soliman to his ship, and ordering that his crew should be unchained, took leave of him without even listening to his grateful thanks.

Some time after this act of unparalleled generosity, Lorenzo was in his turn taken by two barbarian pirates, and, being conducted to Algiers, was bought by the chief eunuch of the Basha for the service of his master.

In such a situation a common mind would have contrived some means

means to avail itself of the past ; but Lorenzo despised the very idea of it ; rightly thinking, that to ask for the requital of a conferred benefit, is to lose the merit of it. As he was not willing to disturb the peace of his father with the news of his misfortune, or rather with the demand of his ransom, he submitted to the hardships put upon the common slaves, being supported by the hope of soon rejoining his Olympia.

The nobleness and delicacy of his sentiments were not to be long unrewarded : Soliman, in one of his leisure hours, came to see the progress that his slaves made in his works, when, accidentally throwing his eyes upon Lorenzo, and recollecting his features, he ran to embrace him, and, with a face overpread with the blushes of confusion and joy, exclaimed ; " Is it possible, O my generous deliverer, that you have borne my chains ! Have you distrusted my gratitude ? No, I will not wrong you by this supposition ; I ascribe your silence to its true cause, to the magnanimity of your soul ; although I intend to punish you for it, by keeping you a while in the bonds of friendship, accept therefore an apartment in my palace ; let us wave all national prejudices, and live in the intimacy of two souls united by sympathy."

Lorenzo could not refuse an offer made in so obliging a manner ; and as the first interest he had taken in the Basna daily increased, as every country was the same to him, he pressed not his departure from Algiers to the great satisfaction of Soliman, who, however, perceiving that a secret affliction preyed on the heart of his new friend, earnestly requested to know the cause of it.

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Lorenzo could not make this mournful recital without paying a new tribute of tears to the memory of his dear Olympia ; when the Basna, being willing to divert his thought from so afflicting a subject, said to him, " You have never inquired if I have met with success in the tender affair which caused the exertion of your generosity towards me ! You probably think, that the jealousy ascribed to us is such, that it takes the alarm at the bare mention of the fair ones whom we so carefully keep in close confinement : but be undeceived. A Turk may be free from this suspicious character, and have some delicacy in love, as a Genoese may be honourable and disinterested ; but to convince you that we both make this happy exception, and that the faults of a nation ought not to be charged upon every individual who composes it, I will recount you the history of my heart."

" As soon as you had restored me to freedom, or rather to life, which the violence of the first passion I had ever experienced would have caused me to lose, I hastened to Algiers ; and thought to die in transports of joy when I found that I was still in possession of the beautiful Felima. I then doubly felt what I owed to you, but knew not yet all the extent of the obligation. You spared me, indeed, the pangs of unhappy love, but not in the sense that your compassion had given to these words ; for if my captivity had lasted some few days, I should have for ever regretted an unworthy object by whom I was basely betrayed. — Yes ; this so much loved Felima had herself incited my enemies to claim her for the seraglio of our emperor. I was apprized of her perfidy in time, and could have

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punished her for it; but I despised taking even a just revenge upon a vain and inconsiderate woman, and delivered her up with a contemptuous indifference, which undoubtedly began the chastisement that her ambition could not fail to undergo, in a place where so many rivals were to dispute the power of those charms, to which I was so entirely devoted.

"Neither agreeable nor painful remembrance disturbed my tranquility, because it was not the illusion of resentment, but the work of reason; and I thought then, that I should ever range the flowered paths of pleasures, without meeting with the thorns with which it is strewed; but, alas! I was too soon undeceived of that error.

"A Christian slave, who has been lately brought to my seraglio, has convinced me, that the faculty of loving, like all the other faculties of the mind, gathers new strength from exercise, and refines itself according to the merit of its object. Oh! if I could but delineate her beautiful features! describe the graces of her person, express the excellence of her understanding, you would have some idea of the violent, though respectful passion I entertain for her! But I am still an unhappy lover! In vain have I poured out my heart at her feet, in ardent sighs and tender intreaties! In vain have I offered to marry her, and to let her be free in regard to her religion, and even to her conduct. I, indeed, kindle some sparks of gratitude in her gentle breast; but has gratitude even been a compensation for love?

"You may judge by all this, that I am an utter enemy to that tyranny which is here exercised

upon the fair sex; but I am not the better for this sensibility which distinguishes me from my countrymen. Oh! teach me the art, so well known in your countries, of captivating the soul, without enslaving the body, of these beings, so frail, so fickle, but so necessary to our existence! But, has not some happier man than I already practised upon the mind of my beloved, the lesson I want to learn of you? At least, my friend, deliver me from this cruel doubt. Vouchsafe to see my beautiful slave, as if it were without my consent, and only by having corrupted her guardians. Although she was born in France, the similarity of opinions and manners, which is between your two nations, will, undoubtedly, inspire her with a confidence in you, which I shall give you time to improve; sure, as I am now, that not only friendship, but also the remembrance of Olimpia, will arm your heart against her charms."

Lorenzo experienced too feelingly how exquisite are the pains of true lovers, when doomed to lose the comfort of hope, not to grant the request of Soliman, by whose order he was introduced into the seraglio, and conducted to the apartment of the fair slave.—But what were his astonishment, joy, and fear, when, entering a magnificent saloon, he saw the enchanting form of Olimpia, or rather Olimpia herself, laying on a sofa, from which she precipitantly arose, extending towards him her beautiful arms; but, on which she instantly fell back motionless, and, in all appearance, deprived of life! His agitated spirits forsook him, and he remained in a condition similar to that of

his

his beloved, till the cries of Angela had obliged Soliman to introduce himself into this moving scene of love.

The Basha, without taking any notice of Lorenzo, ran to Olimpia, whose accident he ascribed to the surprise that the sight of a strange man had caused; but he was not long in that error; for no sooner had Olimpia recovered the use of her senses, than falling at the feet of her dreaded master, and embracing his knees, she exclaimed! "Oh! save him! spare his life! or cut the thread of mine with the same stroke!"

At these strange words, Soliman turned his anxious looks upon his friend; who, being re-animated by the voice of Olimpia, alarmed at her situation, and forgetful of his own danger, answered the dumb question with a noble assurance.

"Here is, my lord," said he, "that Olimpia, whose loss I have so much lamented: you may imagine the rest, and conceive, if possible, the violence of the emotions by which we have been both at once deprived of our senses."

Soliman seemed exceedingly troubled at this unexpected explanation; he remained silent and thoughtful, when Olimpia, who had her supplicating looks fixed on him, unable to bear her redoubled fears, fainted away a second time. At this relapse, the Basha, recovering from his profound reverie, bade his eunuchs force Lorenzo to his apartment, and there guard him with the utmost vigilance till a new order.

This last injunction was needless; for Lorenzo would have lost a thousand livres rather than voluntarily quit the walls which contained his recovered treasure.—

His deep anxieties lasted many tedious hours, and at last threw him into a state of insensibility, from which he was roused by the voice of Soliman, who, approaching his bed, said to him, "Rise, rise my friend, rise to happiness! Equity and gratitude have conquered my passion! Olimpia, who has given me a full account of her surprizing adventures, and a priest of your own belief, wait here for you. Now I can truly say, that I am quit with you, since I have repaid the obligation you so generously conferred on me with a price that makes the balance even between us."

In saying this, he joined the hands of the two constant lovers, and left them to those raptures, that none but such who have a heart as faithful, tender, and virtuous as theirs, can conceive.

In the account they gave to each other, of what had happened to them since the time of their separation, Lorenzo could not help shuddering at the two imminent dangers he had run of losing his amiable Olimpia for ever; first, by the cruelty of her father, and afterwards by the rapacity of the pirates, who had sold her to the Basha, and who, on the report of her beauty, had watched their opportunity of carrying her, with Angela, to a boat they had hired for that purpose.

The generous Soliman, who, to indulge the delicacy of Olimpia, had sent for the immediate attendance of the priest, now carried his own so far, as to decline seeing the charming wife of his friend.—He consequently provided a delightful house for the happy pair; where, at his intreaties, they were to reside till Olimpia should reach the age at which she was to be freed.

freed from the power of her unjust parent ; but this design agreed not with the decrees of heaven.

One day, when Lorenzo had attended the *Basha* to the market of slaves, he found there a Genoese, whom he had himself given for a servant to his father. The sight awakened in him all filial tenderness ; but what was his consternation, when the new slave answered his eager enquiries, by telling him, that *Pavefe* and *Pinelli* were in prison, each of them for a capital crime ! *Pinelli* for having murdered his daughter ; and *Pavefe* for having plotted to betray his country, being bribed to it by immense presents from *Soliman*, to whom he had sent his son as an hostage.

This was a riddle for Lorenzo, which *Soliman* was obliged to explain, by confessing, that at his return to *Algiers*, he had gotten some information in regard to the family of his deliverer, and had sent to the father some slight testimonies of the gratitude he owed to the son.

The silence which the *Basha* had kept on this point, would have raised the greatness of his character in the mind of Lorenzo, if the esteem he had for him had been susceptible of any addition. He was inconsolable at the necessity of parting with such a friend ; but the sacred duty of saving the life of a father, a duty which *Olimpia* acknowledged in all its extent, notwithstanding the barbarous treatment she had met with, strengthened both their hearts against this painful separation.

While they were sailing towards *Genoa*, loaded with the gifts of *Soliman*, and incessantly repeating his praise : It is proper to let the company know, by what events

the avaricious *Pinelli*, and the covetous *Pavefe*, had been brought to the punishment which their unbridled passions deserved.

The pirates who carried away *Olimpia* and *Angela*, as they were walking in the evening on the border of the sea, had, among other precautions, disguised themselves in European dresses. This circumstance, which had been observed from a little distance by a peasant, persuaded *Theresa*, that this act of violence came from *Pinelli* ; but, when her husband and some other boatmen, who had pursued the ravishers, told her, that their boat had joined a ship which bore the Genoese flag, she hesitated no longer to quit the islands of *Hieres*, and to repair to *Genoa*, in order to unravel this new mystery of iniquity.

As the kind relation of *Olimpia* was dead before the first misfortune of her amiable niece, *Theresa*, at her arrival, found herself embarrassed how to act in an affair which required prudence and secrecy ; till, at last, considering that none was more interested in it than *Pavefe*, she applied to him for advice and support.

What a discovery for a man of *Pavefe*'s character ! he could hardly contain his joy at the thought of getting not only the estate, for which he had so obstinately contended, but also the best part of *Pinelli*'s fortune, which was entailed on him in case he should die without issue. This prospect, that his covetousness perceived at once, in the ruin of *Pinelli* and *Lisabetta*, and the loss of *Olimpia*, which he ascribed to its true cause, put in motion his genius, fertile in arts and subtilty. Thus he began, by confirming *Theresa* in the idea, that *Pinelli* had been informed of
Olimpia's

Olimpia's retreat, and had got her again into his power, supposing several incidents which supported this assertion, and which he pretended to have overlooked before he knew the bottom of the affair. Then he persuaded this simple and credulous woman to return immediately to Hieres, lest Pinelli should take the alarm at her being in Genoa, and consequently should dispose of Olimpia and of Angela in the most dreadful way; promising her to take the properest method for the safety of the two amiable maids, and afterwards to call the odious miser to an account for his injustice.

Having thus removed the only person who could give light in an affair which he intended to darken, or to clear, according to his interest, he presented himself before the magistrates, and accused Pinelli and Lisabetta or having murdered Olimpia.

They were both immediately apprehended, the grave was opened, and, on the inspection of the coffin, which was filled with stones, they were condemned to undergo the torture. This horrid sight forced the truth from the lips of Pinelli; he confessed the whole of his black design and criminal conduct, requesting, that some enquiries might be made in Marseilles, in order to prove his sincerity; but the nuns, who had entertained the worst suspicion against him since the day when Olimpia had disappeared, were very far from justifying him in their depositions. However, this enquiry having raised some doubts in the mind of his judges, he was ordered to prison till some clearer proofs should appear against him. As to Lisabetta, who was convicted of having sacrilegiously prophaned the holy

rites of the church, her sentence was to be shut up for life in a house of correction.

Pavese murmured not at the lenity of the judges; for a senator who had agreed with him to give his daughter in marriage to Lorenzo, had made him consider, that the ignominious death of his kinsman would be an insuperable obstacle to this alliance, as the shame would reflect on the whole family of the criminal.

It was in the midst of all these hopeful schemes that Pavese received the present which the Bascha intended as the price of his ransom, and to which were joined these words. "I keep an engagement the more binding from being free from forms: but I never can repay the obligations I have to your son." As Pavese had never heard of the adventure between Lorenzo and Soliman, and knew not how to account for this short letter, and magnificent present, he should not have divulged his good fortune; but vanity, and especially the foolish vanity of riches, cannot be restrained by prudence.

It was on this foundation that Pinelli, after having possession of Soliman's note, by means of a treacherous servant, caused his enemy to be accused of high treason; for an informer and several false witnesses were easily found for money.

Pavese wanted no less than all the credit of his protectors to save his life, but this credit being not bought with a parsimonious hand, his condemnation was put off as well as that of Pinelli. These two abandoned men, who were in the same prison, had now no other consolation in their wretchedness than the odious one of venting their rage upon each other every time

time they met, infomuch, that the jailors were perpetually obliged to make use of their authority to keep their reciprocal animosity within due bounds.

They were in this horrible situation when the sight of Lorenzo and Olimpia, whose presence was to restore them to life and liberty, had no other effect than to encrease their phrenzy. Insensible to human feelings, and reflecting only upon the disappointment of their unruly passions, they threw a gloomy look upon their kneeling virtuous children, and falling upon each other with their pocket knives drawn, each gave & received a mortal wound, which, in a few hours, plunged their guilty souls into the gulph of a dreadful eternity.

After such a catastrophe, Lorenzo and Olimpia could not think of

remaining in a country where injustice and malevolence loaded them with insults for the crimes of their fathers, and where their own excellencies excited scorn instead of admiration. As their pious principles permitted them not to return to Algiers, and as Olimpia dreaded the shore of Hieres, they resolved to retire to the south of France, and fixed their abode at Avignon, a city renowned from the time of Julius Cæsar for the honesty and sprightliness of its inhabitants.

There, breathing a pure and wholesome air, living under a mild government, and with people hospitable, polite, and learned, they arrived, after a long journey, to the end of the human career, where they found the last and best reward of virtue.



B I O G R A P H Y.

Memoirs of WILLIAM PENN.

THIS remarkable character combines in his history, two most extraordinary events. He was founder of the sect of Quakers, in America, and the means of establishing, in his own case the privilege of trial by jury; one of the greatest, the people of this country can ever enjoy.

He was the son of Sir William Penn, an admiral in the service of Great Britain, and was born on Tower-Hill the 14th of October, 1644. He received the rudiments of his education at Chigwell, in Essex, where he is represented to have received the first impressions of those religious sentiments, by

which he was afterwards distinguished.

After being a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, in Oxford, he was influenced by the preaching of one Thomas Low, a Quaker, when he and other students withdrew from the established worship, and held private meetings for the exercise of religion, wherein they preached and prayed among themselves.

This gave great offence to the university, and Mr. Penn was fined for non-conformity, and at length expelled the college.

He was soon after entered of Lincoln inn, where he remained

till

till the plague began to rage in London, when he went to Cork; where being prevailed upon to profess himself publicly a Quaker, he was apprehended in 1667, and imprisoned: but on his writing a letter to the Earl of Orfery, he was fortunate enough to obtain his discharge.

About the year 1668, Mr. Penn became a public preacher among the Quakers, and shortly afterwards was committed to the tower of London for his opinions. After seven months imprisonment, he was released, and went in 1669 to Ireland, where he preached among the Quakers. He afterwards returned to England; but the Conventicle Act, prohibiting the meetings of dissenters, under severe penalties, he was committed to Newgate, in 1670, for preaching in Gracechurch-street.

Mr. Penn was brought to his trial, together with William Mead, September following, at the Old Baily. He desired the court to inform him upon what law the indictment against him was founded. The recorder told him it was grounded upon common law. "Where (said Penn) is that common law?" "You must not think (replied the recorder) that I am able to run up so many years, and over so many adjudged cases, which we call common law, to answer your curiosity." "This answer (said Penn) is very short of my question; for if be common, it should not be so hard to produce." "Sir (said the recorder) will you plead to your indictment?" "Shall I plead (said Penn) to an indictment that hath no foundation in law? If it contain that law which you say I have broken, why should you decline to produce it; since it will

be impossible for the jury to determine, or agree to bring in their verdict, who have not the law produced, by which they should measure the truth of this indictment, and the guilt, or contrary of my fact." This so much exasperated the recorder, that he told Mr. Penn that he was a "saucy fellow," and bid him speak to the indictment. The unreasonableness of which Mr. Penn argued at great length, and with wonderful skill and acuteness.

In order to silence him, they ordered him to be put in the bale dock. After his trial, the jury went out for about two hours, and agreed to the following verdict; that William Penn was "guilty of speaking in Gracechurch-street." The court, dissatisfied with the verdict, sent them out again. They then returned with their verdict in writing, that Mr. Penn was "guilty of speaking or preaching to an assembly met together in Gracechurch-street." This the recorder, one Howell, refused to take, and threatened to have them locked up without meat, drink, fire, or tobacco, till they brought in a verdict that the court liked. The jury were sent back again, and kept all night, but in the morning brought in their verdict in the same terms as before. They were compelled to go back once more. This steadiness of the jury so much incensed the court, that Sir Samuel Sterling, the lord mayor, and Howell, the recorder, gave them very ill language, and threatened them if they did not bring in another verdict, they should starve, and should be carted about the city.

They were kept the remainder of that day and all the night, without

out any kind of refreshment, but without effect. They brought in their verdict "*not guilty.*"

The verdict was taken, but the court fined each of the jury, and ordered them to be imprisoned till their fines were paid. Penn was also fined for not pulling off his hat, and sent with the jury to Newgate. This treatment of the jury was afterwards on a habeas, brought by Edward Bushel, one of them, argued in the common pleas, when the jury were ordered to be discharged, and advised to seek a remedy at common law, for their illegal imprisonment.

Soon after Mr. Penn obtained his liberiy, his father died, and left him 1500*l.* a year.

In 1671, he was again committed to Newgate for preaching, and continued a prisoner six months, when he obtained his discharge, and went into Holland and Germany. He returned 1672, and married the daughter of Sir William Springett, and went and settled at Rickmansworth, at Hertfordshire.

In 1681, king Charles II. in consideration of the services of Sir William Penn, and sundry debts due to him from the crown, at the time of his decease, granted Mr. Penn, and his heirs, by letters patent, the province lying on the west side of the river Delaware, in North-America, and made them absolute proprietors and governors of that country. Mr. Penn changed the name from that of the New Netherlands, to that of Pennsylvania, it having been a sylvia, or country overgrown with woods.

Mr. Penn first embarked himself for his new colony in 1682, accompanied by many Quakers, and expended large sums in transport-

ing and providing them with necessities. After establishing a government, under which civil and religious liberty was enjoyed in an extensive degree, he returned to England, and was in great favour with king James II. which exposed him to the imputation of being a Papist in disguise; though upon an inquiry, instituted by Doctor Tillotson, then dean of Canterbury, he was entirely acquitted of the charge.

In 1694, he lost his wife, but about two years after, he married another, by whom he had four sons and one daughter, and in 1699, he again embarked for Pennsylvania, with his family, from whence he returned to England in 1701. He was in great favour with Queen Anne. He was 1707, involved in a lawsuit with the executors of a person, who had formerly been his steward, and was obliged, till it was accommodated, to live within the rules of the fleet, where he remained till 1712; when, the air of London not agreeing with him, he retired to Ruthcombe, near Twyford, Buckinghamshire, at which place he died on the thirtieth of July, 1718, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

Mr. Penn was a man of abilities and learning, but was much more distinguished by his virtues, by the probity of his life, and his diffusive benevolence.

Whatever ideas may be entertained of his theological opinions, or of his writings, all must do him the justice to acknowledge, that as a lawgiver, and the founder of so flourishing a colony, as that of Pennsylvania, he is justly entitled to the esteem and the applause of posterity.

ESSAYS

ESSAYS ON AGRICULTURE.

An Account of the Manner of Making CHEESE in England.

IN this second great object of the dairy, the same precaution as with regard to the butter, is necessary, viz. The cows ought not to be driven violently before milking, and every utensil must be kept equally clean.

The most common defects of cheese are, its appearing, when cut, full of small holes, called eyes; its puffing up, cracking, and pouring out a quantity of thin whey: becoming afterwards rotten and full of maggots in those places where the whey appeared. All these difficulties proceed from a substance called *slip curd*, a kind of half coagulum, incapable of a thorough union with the true curd, and which, when broken into small bits, produces eyes, but if in larger pieces, occasions those rents and cracks in the cheese already mentioned; for though this kind of curd retains its coagulated nature for some time, it always, sooner or later, dissolves into a serous liquor. This kind of curd may be produced by using the milk too hot, by bad runnet, or by not allowing the curd a proper time to form. The first may be remedied by the use of cold water. The second, by good runnet, a knowledge of which can only be acquired by long practice. The only rule that can be given for its preparation is, to take out the stomach of a calf, rinse it in cold water, and rub it well with salt and dry it. It may be used immediately on drying, though it is considered best after it is a year old. The best method of making the runnet is, to take one gallon of pure spring

water and boil it; then make it into brine with clean salt, sufficiently strong to bear an egg; let it cool to about blood heat. Two of the skins (or what are commonly in this country called runnet bags) must be put into the brine, either cut in pieces, or whole, as is most convenient; they must steep twenty four hours; after which, it is fit for use. About a tea cup of a middling size, of the liquor, will be sufficient for the milk of ten cows.

In making cheese, supposing the runnet of good quality, the following particulars must be observed.

I. The proper degree of heat: This ought to be what is called milk warm, which is considerably below the warmth of milk taken from the cow. If too hot, it may be reduced by cold water, without any injury to the cheese.

II. The time allowed for the runnet to take effect: This ought never to be less than one hour and a half.

III. After having the curd firmly formed at the bottom of the tub, the whey must be taken away, and the curd must stand to drain one quarter of an hour.

If any pieces of slip curd are found swimming in the whey, they should be poured off with it, rather than be admitted into the cheese. Some dairy women allow their curd to stand two hours, to obtain a firmness that will require no breaking; but the best method is to break it thoroughly, for the cheese is less apt to be hard.

IV. The best method to prevent

cheese from heaving, is to avoid making the runnet too strong, to take care that it be very clean, and by no means the least tainted, to be certain the curd is fully formed, which is known by the blue colour of the whey, and by no means to stir it till the air has had time to escape.

V. The best method to prevent the cracking of cheeses, is to salt them in the milk, or after the cheese is formed, which may be done with much more certainty than in the curd, which is a bad method.

VI. Dry cracks in cheese are frequently produced by keeping curd from one meal to another, by which means the first becomes too dry and hard, ever, without great attention, to mix intimately with the second.

VII. Curdly, or what is commonly called wrinkle coated cheese, is always caused by sour milk. Cheese made of cold milk is apt to be hard and fly before the knife. If the weather is cold, cheese should be kept warm, particularly when first made.

VIII. Slip coat, or soft cheese, is made entirely of slip curd, and will dissolve into a kind of creamy liquor, which is sufficient proof of the nature of this kind of curd, as already mentioned. It is generally computed, that as much milk is required to make one pound of butter, as two pounds of cheese.

It is remarked by dealers in cheese, as well as other persons, that much the greatest part of the people that eat cheese have no idea how it is produced. They finding the best cheese of a yellow colour, naturally conclude that cheese of a pale colour must be made of inferior or skimmed milk, whereas the colour is artificial.

The principal ingredient used for colouring cheese is the best Spanish annatto (or what is commonly called, in this country, otter) which gives cheese the beautiful colour of the best spring butter, without injuring the taste or quality in any degree. The best method of using it is, to take a piece, and dip it into a bowl of milk, and wash off from the piece sufficient to give the milk a deep colour. Then mix the coloured milk with the milk prepared for the cheese, before either runnet, or salt is put in. If enough annatto has been used, the whole milk will have a pale orange colour, which will be much increased after the cheese is made.



Address to the Agricultural Society of the State of New York—By ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, Esq. president.

AN honourable member having long since been requested to deliver an oration to the society, it is not without regret that I reflect on the circumstances that have hitherto prevented his executing that duty; his experience and agricultural knowledge would have given us reason to hope for much interesting and useful information, which will be illy supplied by the hasty production which, in obedience to this late command, I now submit to the society.

It will not be expected, I presume, that I should long detain your attention by a lengthened panegyric upon agriculture, since you have shewn the opinion you entertain of its importance, in the very act of becoming members of a society, whose object it is to improve

improve and extend this useful science.

As agriculture is the basis of arts, by furnishing the materials upon which they work, so it is the parent of science, by uniting men in civil society, who, without its aid, would have continued to be wandering savages, but little advanced in improvement beyond the beasts of the forest, that afford them a miserable and scanty subsistence. It is for this reason that the mythology of most nations have made their golden age consist in the enjoyment of rural happiness, and placed the inventors of agricultural improvements among the number of their gods: Thus Ceres, Pan, Pomona, &c. were worshipped under different names by all the civilized nations of the Pagan world. And our own holy religion teaches us, that the cultivation of a garden, and the enjoyment of its fruits and flowers, were the employment and reward of innocence, when man was most perfect. It is a little remarkable, that innocence and reason still concur in receiving pleasure from the same object. The first wish of childhood is rural happiness, nor is that ever lost sight of, except where some turbulent and resistless passion depraves and hurries away the soul. In every period of life it animates virtuous and ingenious minds. The idea of a rural retreat in the evening of his days, accompanies the mechanic to his shop, the merchant to the exchange, the lawyer to the bar, the physician to the sick bed, and the divine to the pulpit, who sees, even there, his earthly paradise upon the confines of heaven, and hardly wishes to enter the celestial mansions by any other path. How much then is to be lamented, that indolence

or pursuits of little moment, withdraw the attention of men, whose lights, whose talents for observation, and whose fortunes enable them to be useful, not only to the community of which they are members, but to mankind at large; not to their contemporaries only, but to future generations. One great cause of the neglect of agriculture in men of the character I have mentioned, is a misplaced ambition which generally seizes upon them at the very period of life at which they are best fitted for agricultural pursuits. Youth has too many avocations, and is too unsteady to pursue the slow progress of experiments, and the decrepitude of old age deprives it of the strength and activity necessary in rural œconomy; it is the season of life in which we may enjoy the sedate pleasures of the country, but not undergo its toils. The middle age, when the effervescence of youth is over, when the body retains its strength, and the mind enjoys its greatest vigour, is the period best adapted to the usual labours of agriculture: but unfortunately this is also the age of ambition which hurries us away from the peaceful path, where every step is strewn with flowers, to lose ourselves in the endless mazes of politics. And yet, if ambition is the love of fame, how much are we deceived by pursuing it in this rough and thorny track? The little politics of our town, our country, or even of our state, are mere matters of a day; and however important they may seem in our eyes, while we are ourselves the actors of this busy stage, they will appear to others of too little moment to arrest their attention. Our fathers were politicians, and yet we hardly know the

the parts they severally acted, or even the names or principles of the parties they opposed or supported. In like manner, the intriguing politicians and the wordy orators of the present day, will be buried with their principles and their parties in eternal oblivion, when the man who has introduced a new plan, or eradicated a destructive weed—who has taught us to improve our domestic animals, or to guard against the ravages of noxious insects—who has invented a new implement of husbandry, or simply determined the angle the mould-board should make with plough-share, will be remembered with gratitude as the benefactor of society.

It is the politician's misfortune to believe that everything is wrong which he does not direct, and that the ruin or welfare of the state depends upon the adoption of his principles; and yet the world was governed before he was born, and will be so well directed after his death, that his present political existence will hardly be remembered one week after his funeral. As the pursuit of fame, by the road of politics, requires infinitely more talents than falls to the share of the great bulk of mankind, and great epochs or extraordinary circumstances to call those talents into action; but very few can hope for political fame, while their pursuits have a direct tendency to injure the finest feelings of the mind, and to add poignancy to the most painful passions.

The thorough-paced party politician concurs in many measures that he does not approve; he confides in men that he secretly despises—he opposes the measures of his antagonists, though his reason tells him they are proper—His sins

of omission and commission daily stare him in the face, and if ever he finds time to pray, he must confess, in the words of the Common Prayer, "*That he has done those things which he ought not to have done, and left undone those things which he ought to have done;*" while with a distrustful eye he is compelled to guard against the defection of his partizans, he indulges the most rancorous resentment against his antagonists: Thus, jealousy and hatred, those painful passions, are nourished like the vulture that feeds on the liver of Prometheus, to prey on his vitals. Rural life is exempt from these evils. The husbandman hates no one, because he dreads no rival. If his neighbour's field is more productive than his own, he borrows a useful lesson, and turns his prosperity to his own advantage. Two important maxims are ever in his mind—First, that the earth yields nothing to the idle and the negligent—Second, that though labour will do much, yet the return it meets will often depend upon circumstances which it is not in his power to command—He is therefore at once satisfied with the necessity of using the *means*, as the divines say, and of his dependence on the Supreme Being for crowning them with success; thus reconciling (at least in any earthly sense) the intricate doctrines of *works* and *grace*. The constant attention that the farmer is compelled to give to the wants of his domestics, and to the animals under his care, renders him habitually compassionate, humane, and careful; and, if happiness is to be found on earth, it must certainly be sought in the indulgence of these benign emotions. As Cicero sums up all human knowledge in the character of a perfect orator

erator, so we might with more propriety claim every virtue, and embrace every science, when we draw that of an accomplished farmer. He is the legislator of an extensive family, and not only men, but the brute creation, are subjected to his laws—He is the magistrate who expounds and carries those laws into execution—He is the physician who heals the wounds, and cures the diseases of his various patients—He is the divine who studies and enforces the precepts of reason—And he is the grand almoner of the Creator, who is continually dispensing his bounties, not only to his fellow mortals, but *to the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.*

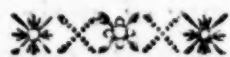
I was led into these reflections by finding myself surrounded by gentlemen who are not less capable of rendering their country services in the promotion of agriculture and useful arts, than in their respective political stations. I wished to convince them, that at least, as much reputation, with more permanent fame, might be acquired in the first than in the last of these pursuits; and yet, to the disgrace of this state, it has so happened, that though it has always possessed men of distinguished talents, the rage for party politics and dissipation has defeated every attempt to establish any society for the promotion of arts, agriculture, or any literary or scientific object: how many now hear me who are capable of wiping off this reproach—who have ample means of doing honour to the state, by promoting that of this society, but who have yet offered it no aid! The exertions of a few friends to useful knowledge, have enabled us to struggle through three years: and I would fain

hope that many now present will step forward to our future support.

I proceed to discuss the subject which I particularly designed to submit to the consideration of the society; I mean the comparison between the advantages of agriculture in Britain, and in this state. I am well assured that false conceptions on this subject have led many theoretical farmers into important errors. The inhabitants of every part of the world (our own excepted) entertain strong prejudices in favour of their native country: here, on the contrary, the people are habitually led to form exalted ideas of Britain, and degrading ones of America. I do not remember that this singular circumstance has been observed or accounted for. The settlers of this country consisted originally of emigrants from various parts of Europe, but principally from the British isles. Tho' their practice shewed their preference, yet they could not divest themselves of this prejudice in favour of their native country. And that prejudice, as was natural, was increased by the distance and the hardships to which their change of situation exposed them; it was stimulated into exercise by the vanity of raising themselves above their neighbours, for every man supposes he borrows a certain degree of consequence from the superiority of his country. Thus an Irish, a Dutch, and a British emigrant, settled in the neighbourhood of each other, would boast the superiority of their respective countries—would conceal their defects, and exaggerate their advantages; and disagreeing in every thing else, would unite in admitting the inferiority of America to Europe,

Europe, that tie which connected them with each other; their children and neighbours having no means to contradict explicitly, credited these tales, and felt themselves inferior to these boasting natives of a distant land; their descendants endeavoured to share in the honour of their parents, by recording their descent from such illustrious ancestors; and gloried in disseminating false ideas of countries of which they had no other knowledge except through this source, and from other boasting and consequential travellers. It is true, these prejudices are wearing off, yet there are few persons who do not even now consider the soil and climate of Britain as superior to that of this state, when the fact is directly the reverse. The proportion of land unfit for cultivation in the island of Great Britain, is much greater in comparison to the whole quantity, than it is in this state—The soil is less productive, except where great labours are bestowed in cultivation; and the climate in many respects less friendly to agriculture. I assert this from a careful examination of the best English writers on the subject, and particularly from Young and Marshall, who are much better authority than the assertions of emigrants, that for the most part have given little attention to the subject, or judge of the whole kingdom from a fertile or highly cultivated spot in their neighbourhood.

[To be continued.]



Singular instance of Patriotism.

EDWARD the third, after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to

Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day, the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcases of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted a matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth: the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates. On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under

der the necessity of capitulating ; and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes ; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and natural sovereign : that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halts about their necks, as victims of due atonement, for that spirit of rebellion, with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square : and, like men arraigned at a tribunal, whence there was no appeal, expected, with beating hearts, the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot ; for, how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed ? whom had they to deliver, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence ? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded ; till Eustace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little

eminence, thus addressed the assembly :

“ My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

“ We well know what the tyrant intends, by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable ; he would also make us contemptible ; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it.

“ Look about you, my friends ; and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter ? Is there any here, who has not watched for you, who has not bled for you ? who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you & yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity ? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction ? you will not—you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.

“ Where then is our resource ? is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy, on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city, on the other ? There is, my friends—there is one expedient left ; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient ! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life ? let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people ! he shall

shall not fail of a blessed appropriation from that power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued—Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length Saint Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to propose any matter of danger to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom—than I can be; however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

"Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely: I give it cheerfully: Who comes next?"

"Your son," exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child!" cried Saint Pierre: "I am, then, twice sacrificed—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time—Thy years are few, but full, my son! the victim of virtue has reached the utmost and final purpose of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes." "Your kinsman," cried John de Aire! "Your kinsman," cried James Wissant! "Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant! "Ah," exclaimed

Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "Why was I not a citizen of Calais?"

The sixth victim was still wanting; but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened; and gave charge to his attendants, to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting, what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung round, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned: they wept aloud: and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation: and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts; and arranged themselves on each side, to behold,

hold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity, than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." "Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward; "was there no resistance—no commotion—among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered—self-devoted; and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter's: but he knew the privilege of a British subject; and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "hath ever shewn, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensibly necessary, to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. "Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution." "Your rebellion," continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, "your rebellion against me—the natural heir of your crown—is highly aggravated by your present presump-

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tion and affront of my power." "We have nothing to ask of your majesty," said Eustace, "save what you cannot refuse us." "What is that?" "Your esteem, my lord," said Eustace; and went out with his companions.

At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken its king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty; and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed to Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects a matter more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France. It respects the honour of the English nation, it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king."

"You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord! they have sentenced themselves: and their execution would be the execution of their orders; not the orders of Edward."

"They have behaved themselves worthily: they have behaved themselves greatly. I cannot but respect, while I envy—while I hate them—for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon."

"I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your

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conquests;

conquests; and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires—that you would indulge their ambition—and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

“But, if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby! would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage, on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour—but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—a dark and indelible disgrace to his name.

“No, my lord; let us rather disappoint the fancy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended: but we may cut them short of their desires. In the place of that death, by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to shame with praises. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.”

“I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so,” cried Edward; “prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!”

They came; when the queen, with an aspect and accents, diffu-

ing sweetness, thus bespoke them:

“Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we have been so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

“You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were ten fold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our parts, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently proved. We loose your chains: we snatch you from the scaffold: and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, or title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of king; and that those, whom the Almighty inspires with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

“You are now free to depart to your kinsfolks—your countrymen—to all those, whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

“Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.”

“Ah my country!” exclaimed Saint Pierre, “it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could
only

only win your cities ; but Philip-
pa conquers hearts."

"Brave Saint Pierre," said the
queen, "wherefore look you so
dejected?" "Ah, madam!" re-
plied Saint Pierre, "when I meet
with such another opportunity of
dying, I shall not regret that I sur-
vived this day."



*The LETTRE DE CACHET :
An Anecdote.*

AN eminent goldsmith of Paris
was possessed of one of the
prettiest women in France. As his
misfortune would have it, the
lovely partner of his bed had all
the vices, and not one of the vir-
tues of her sex. Among a count-
less number of paramours, a cer-
tain Abbe, nearly related to one of
the ministers of state, held the
first rank. As she was less refer-
red with this clerical Adonis, the
husband had the impertinence to
remonstrate, and, at last, was
mad enough to chide and upbraid.
This was too much for female
frailty to bear ; she complained
to her lover of her spouse's ungen-
tlemanlike behaviour. The plot
was laid to remove the nuisance,
and punish the unfashionable
wretch for his saucy antediluvian
notions. It was at a time when
lettres de cachet were the bank
notes with which the great men
paid their debts : The son obtain-
ed them against his father, and *vice versa*, without farther trouble
than soliciting the favour of Com-
te de Florentine's mistress, who
set her price according to the de-
gree of injustice on which the
complaint was grounded.

Our Abbe, related to the great
man himself, applied to him for

one of those kinds of Habeas Cor-
pus, by which a parent may be
removed from his house and fami-
ly, to such place as the minister
or purchaser of the lettre thinks
fit. Provided with the proper
weapons, he puts them into the
hands of one of those executors of
ministerial demands, called ex-
empts. Contrary to the Abbe's
expectations, and, indeed, to all
probability, the person he employ-
ed to adjust matters between the
husband and wife, was a *disgrace*
to his corps : He could feel for a
friend, and had honesty enough
to inform the goldsmith under
hand, desiring him to be out of
the way on such a particular day.
About eleven o'clock the next
night, he watched the door, and,
seeing the Abbe enter, just gave
him time enough to undress and go
to bed : when, knocking hard at
the street door, he ordered it to
be opened in the king's name.—
He told his errand to the servant,
and bid him shew him up to his
master's bed chamber. In vain
did the former give him the most
positive assurances of the master's
being from home, the exempt was
peremptory, and would take no
denial.

He soon reached the apartment,
where the Abbe was compliment-
ing the wife, in the most affection-
ate manner, on her happy deliver-
ance ; when the door flew open,
and a voice was heard, asking the
lady where was her husband ? Up-
on receiving the same answer as he
had before from the servant, the
exempt told her, that it was very
natural and praise worthy in a
wife, to screen her husband on
such an emergency ; but, madam,
added he, the king's commands
must be obeyed ; you have a man
in your bed, and surely you would
not

not suffer any one but your husband to lie with you ; I have too good an opinion of you to think otherwise. But come, Sir, get up and dress yourself, or else I must take you in *statu quo*. There was no possibility of resisting a command which the exempt could have enforced, by the assistance of three or four stout archers, who waited in the anti-chamber. The Abbe got up, was hurried into a coach, gagged, and carried to the place of confinement which he had designed for the goldsmith. As this place was several hundred miles distant from Paris, it was some time before the affair transpired. The minister was then no more ; his relation was set at large ; but the family did not think it prudent to make any noise about an adventure which could reflect no credit on their kinsman, or his profession.



Form of the Jewish Bill of Divorce.

[Translated from the Talmud Bauli.]

ON such a day of the week, on such or such a day of the month *Pluni*, in such or such a year of the creation of the world, according to that number, to which we have been accustomed in *Pluni*, I *Pluni*, the son of *Pluni*, of the place *Pluni*, with every other name or appellation, which properly belongs to me, to my parents, to my country, or to the country of my parents, have willed with the free will of my mind, not constrainedly, and have accordingly divorced, and dismissed, and expelled thee, *thee*, I say, *Pelnit*, the daughter of *Pilni*, who art of the city *Pluit* ; or if any o-

ther name, or appellation, belong to thee, or to thy parents, to thy country, or to their country, even to the country of *thy* parents, who hast heretofore been my wife.—Now verily I divorce, and dismiss, and expel thee, so that thou mayest become thy own mistress, and be free to go, and associate with any man, with whom it shall so please thee to do. And no one shall be rejected by thee on account of my name from this day forth even for ever. Have thou power, therefore, to associate with any man. This shall be to thee from me a bill of expulsion, and a bill of divorce, and a letter of dismissal, according to the law of Moses and Israel.



Whimsical History of the Knight of the Pitcher.

[From the adventures of Richard Cœur de Lion.]

WITH respect to the armorial ensign which is emblazoned upon my target, and from which I have received the addition of knight of the pitcher, the occasion, sir knight, was as follows : One day, as I pursued my journey through a deep and gloomy hollow, in quest of brave adventures, my ears were of a sudden assailed by a most singular and doleful sound, which proceeded from a castle on the brow of an impending cliff, that formed one of the sides of the hollow. I pause, I listen, I dismount from my steed, and commit him to the care of my squire ; then climbing the rude cliff, endeavour to reach the castle. I succeeded in the attempt, and placed myself under the eavesment of a chamber window, from which

which the strange sound seemed to issue.

As ever, and anon, there came an interval of silence, I seized the opportunity, and, elevating my voice, enquired if any persons much afflicted were in the chamber: for that I, as was the duty of a genuine son of chivalry, stood ready to assist and console them.—Whereupon (O wonderful!) a voice, as if proceeded from the inside of a pitcher, in a mournful key, replied me in the following expression: "Kind stranger, for the love of the virgin, go round to the castle gate, which I know you will find open; and proceed through the great hall, to a narrow passage on the left, which will lead you to a flight of steps, up which, for the sake of heaven, ascend; those passed, turn a little to the right, where a gallery somewhat dismal will conduct you to this apartment. Be speedy, benign stranger; for I am verily in great misery." Here the voice, with a piteous groan, concluded.

I obeyed my distressed director, and, after various turnings and windings, arrived at a remote chamber. The door stood wide open; I entered, and, to my utter astonishment, beheld a middle aged man (who, from his vestments, appeared to be a man of high condition) bent down upon a table, with his head, to the very shoulders, enclosed in an earthen pitcher, through the sides of which his voice produced a miserable and odd sound. But, irksome as his plight must have been, and strong as my desire was to release him, I was nevertheless so struck with the novelty of the spectacle, that I remained for some minutes without motion; then gave loose to laughter, irresistible and excessive.

At length, roused by the reiterated lamentation of the sufferer, I advanced up to the table, and, with the handle of my battle axe, gently smote the vessel, which instantaneously fell to pieces. The person who had been thus tormented, started up in a transport of delight, and thanked me in courteous terms for having effected his deliverance. In return, I asked him by what means he had been betrayed into a situation so ludicrous and extraordinary; whether by the power of enchantment, or by the villainy of his domestics, or, in fine, by the devices of some vindictive enemy.—At the same time I struggled to overcome the rising laughter, lest the effusions of my merriment should further disconcert the already chagrined sufferer, who, having shed a few tears, and sobbed, sat down, and wiped his eyes, and replied as follows:

"Neither the power of enchantment, nor the villainy of domestics, nor the devices of an enemy, reduced me to the predicament out of which you have just redeemed me; but my own unexampled folly, which has attended me from my very youth, and which, in this particular, proved inveterate and invincible. You must know, benignant knight, that I am a baron of glorious ancestry, and addicted not a little to the love of certain sweetmeats, which those, skilled in the composition of rich and rare confections, are accustomed to keep in jars, to the end, that they may remain uninjured for a long space of time, and defy the malignity of the weather.—Many vessels of these junkets have I consumed, courteous stranger, since I have been in possession of this castle; but (as my evil stars had designed it, or else for some

fin, that I have committed) on this inauspicious day, having finished the remainder of certain preserved fruits, with which this accursed vessel, the fragments of which now lie scattered on the floor, had been filled in former years, I imagined (wretch as I am) that I beheld some candied substance encrusting the inside of the vessel, with here and there some syrup, which appeared so very alluring, that I felt an irresistible avidity to obtain it.

"Whereupon, without delay, I thrust my head unwittingly down into the vessel, till my lips touched the very bottom. Fool that I was, I might have scraped off with my fingers the syrup that was the object of my desire: but with the voracity and nicety of an Apicius or an Heliogabalus, I dived into the vessel, conjecturing, that to lick the sides of the pitcher itself would completely enable me to acquire its contents, and even contribute to increase the delicacy of their flavour. True it is, I was gratified to the fulness of my desire: I licked both the bottom and the sides: I rioted in this cavern of sweetness.

"But alas! when all was obtained, and I endeavoured to withdraw from the pitcher, I found that in spite of extrication, my head must unavoidably continue where it lay. Had the pitcher been a light one, I could doubtless have freed myself from the incumbrance in a moment, by dashing it against the wall or table; but, to add to my distress, it happened to be a very ponderous and unwieldy piece of earthen ware, and utterly beyond my skill and strength to overcome.

"I now felt the horror of my situation in its full force: I roared for very vexation; but my people

had gone abroad, and there were none left to relieve me. I wept, sir knight, till the vessel was half filled with my tears: the deep and hollow murmur of my voice affrighted me: I remained at once a ridiculous and a lamentable spectacle. At length (blessed be the saint that sent you) I heard your welcome summons from below, and considered my enlargement as indubitable."

Here the baron concluded his story. We then commenced a very precious discourse, concerning the moral good that might be extracted from this circumstance.— We viewed it in a serious light, and looked (by way of allegory) on the pitcher, as an image of the voluptuousness of life; and on the baron, as a picture of ungovernable concupiscence, which, dissatisfied with a just and temperate share of pleasures, and such as are readily and comfortably to be obtained, will seize them by irregular methods, will run their head into the pitcher, and inordinately thirst for the very dregs of enjoyment.



Remarkable Singularities in the Lives of Celebrated Men.

[From WHARTON'S Essay on the writings and genius of Pope, vol. V.]

WHO could imagine that Locke was fond of romances; that Newton once studied astrology; that Dr. Clarke valued himself for his agility, and frequently amused himself in a private room of his house in leaping over tables and chairs: And that Pope himself was a great epicure. When he spent a summer with certain

certain nobleman, he was accustomed to lie whole days in bed on account of his head-aches, but would at any time rise with alacrity, when his servant informed him there were stewed lampreys for dinner. On the evening of an important battle, the Duke of Marlborough was heard chiding his servant for being so extravagant as to light four candles in his tent, when Prince Eugene came to confer with him.

Elisabeth was a coquett, and Bacon received a bribe. Dr. Busby had a violent passion for the stage; it was excited in him by the applauses he received in acting the Royal Slave before the king, at Christ church; and he declared, that if the rebellion had not broke out, he had certainly engaged himself as an actor. Luther was so immoderately passionate, that he sometimes boxed Melancthon's ears; and Melancthon himself was a believer in judicial astrology, and an interpreter of dreams.—Richlieu and Mazarin were so superstitious as to employ and pension Morin, a pretender to astrology, who cast the nativities of these two able politicians. Nor was Tacitus himself, who generally appears superior to superstition, untainted with this folly, as may appear from the twenty second chapter of the sixth book of his annals. Men of great genius have been somewhere compared to the pillar of fire that conducted the Israelites, which frequently turned a cloudy side towards the spectator.

But it is far more pleasing to mention what may be termed the *amiable singularities*. We are naturally gratified to see great men descending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common

life; and the sensation is the more pleasing to us, because *admiration* is turned into *affection*. In the very entertaining memoirs of the life of Racine, (published by his son) we find no passage more amusing and interesting, than where that great poet sends an excuse to Mons. the Duke, who had earnestly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Conde, because he had promised to partake of a great fish that his children had got for him, and he could not think of disappointing them.

Melancthon appeared in an amiable light, when he was seen, one day, holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading, and with the other rocking the cradle of his infant child.



A Turkish Sentimental Tale.

IN the thirteenth verse of the seventeenth chapter of the Alcoran, the doctrine of fatality, or predestination, is established in the strongest manner; for Mahomet makes the Divine Being utter these words: "And we have suspended a bird about every man's neck." The best interpreters of the Alcoran understand, by the symbol of the bird, the destiny of man, either good or bad, in the same manner as the Latins, by the word *good or bad bird*, expressed good or bad fortune. According to this interpretation, Mogiahed, one of the commentators of the holy prophet, adds the following note to this verse, on which that grand article of faith amongst the Mahometans, predestination, is founded. "All men at their birth have a paper (invisible to mortal eyes) hung about their necks, upon which is written their good or bad fortune." The original decree,

tree, of which this paper is a copy, they believe is written in heaven by the divine pen, on the sacred tablet. That our readers may readily comprehend the force of the particular sentiments in the following tale, and in order to avoid the trouble of referring frequently to notes, we prefix the necessary explanations, and must therefore request them to remember, "that the divine pen is said to be created by the finger of God; its substance consists of the richest pearls; a horseman mounted upon the fleetest courser, would hardly be able to ride the length of this wonderful pen in five hundred years: it has the virtue to write of itself, without the assistance of any hand; the past, present, and future. The ink in this pen is composed of subtle light: the angel Seraphael is the only person who can read the characters traced by it; it has fourscore nibs, which will be constantly writing till the day of judgment, every thing that is to happen in the world.

"The sacred tablet is suspended in the middle of the seventh heaven, and is carefully guarded by angels, for fear evil spirits should alter or erase its records. Its length is equal to the space between heaven and earth, and its breadth from east to west. This marvellous table is formed of one single pearl of exquisite whiteness."

Strange as these absurd articles of the Mahometan faith may appear, yet if we look into the systems which have obtained among the sectaries of Christianity, such as the Papists, the Moravians, Muggletonians, Sandimanians, &c. &c. or scrutinize the tenets of the Deists and Free-thinkers, we

shall not be deterred by these elucidations, from pursuing the thread of an entertaining tale.

A young sultan of Persia, who had been shut up in a castle, and debarred the advantages of education by a jealous father, being desirous of improving his understanding, soon after he ascended the throne, sent for an ancient dervise to converse with him on the subject of the different destinies or fortunes of mankind. "How comes it to pass, says the sultan to the priest, that wise and prudent men most frequently groan beneath the weight of poverty and affliction, while, on the contrary, madmen and fools are most commonly surrounded with pleasure, riches, and honours. Wisdom, which is the lot of the first, is not sufficient to enable them to foresee or prevent the ills that befall them, while the latter, in spite of their rashness and imprudence, enjoy constant happiness." Sire, replied the dervise, God alone is the sovereign dispenser of good and evil: men ought to submit to their fate, such as it is, written with the divine pen on the sacred tablet of eternal decrees; nothing can derange the order of events marked on this miraculous tablet, which is suspended in the middle of the seventh heaven.

The history I shall have the honour to relate to your sublime highness, will serve as an unanswerable proof of what I have advanced.

Asfendiar, the youngest son of a Grecian king, discovered from his infancy, tokens of an uncommon genius, and of a pensive, meditating disposition, which, as he grew up, gave his father suspicions that he would become the favourite of the people, and perhaps usurp the throne destined for his eldest

eldest brother, for whom the king had a most extraordinary and partial affection. But not being of that tyrannic temper which prompts some monarchs to put to death the children they hate, or to exercise a more barbarous cruelty by putting out their eyes, he banished him his dominions, leaving the care of his subsistence to Providence.

A disgrace so little merited did not throw the young prince into despair, nor yet greatly surprise him: convinced, by his deep meditations in the law of the law of the prophet Mahomet, of that fatality which nothing can resist, and which linksevents together, in such a manner, that human prudence cannot separate or break the chain of them, he resolved to submit patiently to his lot. As he was travelling on without any fixed design, and meditating on his misfortune, he met a young man remarkably handsome in his person, whose politeness was equal to the beauty of his countenance; the young man, prepossessed in favour of the prince by his external appearance, desired his permission to travel with him. Necessity, opportunity, and conformity of fortune, so closely united these two adventurers, that the day was not passed before they placed an entire confidence in each other.

The next morning they met with a third traveller, who was the son of a merchant, and seemed to be thoroughly versed in the profession of his father. The conversation of the new comer pleased our travellers, and they requested him to associate himself with them.

A countryman, robust and active, whom they met with the third day, telling them that he was

going to look for work in the city of Laodicea, which was at a great distance, the pilgrims admitted him into their society, which did not abound with money; and the little that this slender troop could furnish, was soon exhausted to supply their necessities.

"Behold (says the peasant to his companions) the critical moment for employing the talents that God has given to each of us, if we would not become the sorrowful victims of extreme poverty."

"My friends and companions, replied Asfendiar, why should we trouble ourselves about the future, which we can neither foresee nor alter: our lot is recorded upon the sacred tablet; if Providence has destined us any relief, we shall become the quiet possessors of it, without any pain or labour, but if it is decided that indigence shall be our lot, all our efforts will prove fruitless, for nothing can revoke its eternal, immutable decrees."

The handsome young man then took up the subject, and opposed the sentiments of the prince, at the same time asserting, "That an agreeable person was one of the most advantageous means to succeed in the world." "You make the eulogium, exclaimed the merchant briskly, of a very fragile benefit: beauty is a capital which easily slips through the hands of the possessor, and its revenue is uncertain: but genius is the true source of riches, he alone can fix the inconstancy of fortune, who unites a prudence and activity with a profound knowledge of business." "For my part, resumed the countryman, I insist on it, that whoever has hands, and will make use of them, is sure not to die with

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hunger;

hunger; labour is the most assured resource against indigence, all the rest are uncertain." Asfendiar saw with regret, that his companions relied more upon their several talents than upon Providence; he therefore spared no pains to convince them of their error, and for that purpose cited several passages of the Alcoran. The peasant did not understand these sublime lessons; he was hungry, and he knew that he who talked so well, could not give them a dinner. While the prince was continuing his discourse, our rustic repaired to a neighbouring wood, gathered together a quantity of dry sticks which he found in great abundance, and having great corporal strength, he loaded his shoulders with faggots, which he carried to the city, to which they were now approaching, sold them, and brought back some provisions unperceived by his companions; and thus this philosophic troop were refreshed by our countryman, who had the satisfaction of feeding those who thought they were much wiser than him.

The comely young man being now desirous to exert his talents, went to the city, and as he was musing on the means of rendering some service to his companions; an old woman called to him, and told him that a rich lady who had seen him through a window, desired he would favour her with a visit. Our young indigent was not in a situation to refuse an intrigue, he therefore cheerfully accepted the offer; he had the happiness to please, and was dismissed with several rich presents, with part of which he purchased a greater variety and abundance of provisions than the countryman, and return-

ed to his comrades with a joyful countenance.

The merchant's son then began to take shame to himself for having amused his companions with the most ample details of the advantages of commerce, and the sure means of making a fortune, while he had at the same time remained an idle spectator of the wants of their little society, without availing himself of his fine maxims to be in the least useful to them. He began to think it high time to be serviceable in his way, and with this view he borrowed a few pieces of money from the young man, and set off for Laodicea.

From this feeble resource our young merchant knew how to draw considerable profits. He made directly for the harbour, and enquiring amongst people of business what commodity was particularly scarce in the city, and being informed that the olive trees being struck with a blight had failed that year, and that the inhabitants were in great want of oil, he watched his opportunity, and seeing a ship cast anchor off the port, he went off in a boat, without imparting his design to any one; and being put on board, desired to speak with the master in private, of whom he enquired if his was not the ship expected to arrive with a cargo of oil as an adventure upon his own account, to which the master answered in the affirmative, our adventurer told him he was in partnership with Ibrahim, the greatest merchant in the city, who had sent him off express to acquaint him that he would give him an advanced price, and instantly furnish him with a full freight for another voyage, if he would let him have the whole cargo of oil.

The

The price tendered being very advantageous to the master, he accepted the offer, took earnest, and signed an agreement to deliver the oil to Ibrahim and company.

The bargain concluded, our adventurer repaired to Ibrahim's without loss of time, and thus accosted him, "Sir, one who is an entire stranger to you, comes to offer you more wealth than your best friends have ever tendered you: knowing that you had no oil remaining in your ware houses, I thought I should do you a signal service by contracting in your name, at a moderate price, for a cargo that is just arrived in the harbour. Ibrahim, quite enchanted, embraced the young merchant, ran with him to the port, went with him to the vessel, now surrounded by merchants, who were greatly chagrined at being forestalled, paid the money for the oil, and liberally rewarded his skilful agent, who quite satisfied with his adventure, returned to the society with still more abundant and delicate provisions than the peasant or the young man, and having reimbursed the latter, the company had still a moderate capital in hand for future exigences.

"My friends, (said the prince) you have all three been very fortunate, every one in your own way, but you strangely deceive yourselves, if you imagine you have done any more than to execute the decrees of Providence, which had ordained all this to happen. We are only blind instruments; I have not the talents you possess, but who knows what this great workman may make of me. To-morrow I will go to the city, resigned entirely to the fate that awaits me there."

Early the next morning, after a fervent prayer to him who governs all things with unerring wisdom, the prince set out under the guidance of his star. He soon arrived at Laodicea, and the first news he heard was, that the king was just dead, and had left no heir to succeed him, which was the more regretted as their late sovereign was one of the best of princes. The mourning appeared as sincere as it was general: some wept, some tore their hair, others their clothes, in the eastern manner; and all exclaimed, "who shall we find to govern us so well?"

Asfendiar paid great attention to all he saw and heard, but not being afflicted, he did not think it his duty to shed tears; his serene countenance and unconcern displeased some zealous servants of the deceased monarch, and soon rendered him suspected: grief is often unjust; he was taken up for a spy, and loaded with irons in a very instant that they were carrying the corpse of the late king to the sepulchre. Providence, whom the stranger constantly acknowledged as his protector, suffered him to be conducted to a most horrid dungeon in the common prison, where he was forgot for two days, and left without nourishment. The poor prince in this melancholy situation reasoned thus with himself: "God who employs so usefully the instruments he makes choice of, may destroy those which he judges to be useless; and he supported his misfortune with the remains of a philosophical courage, to which his empty stomach was ready to revolt, when he heard the steps of men, who, approaching his dungeon, ordered him to appear before the Divan.

Asfendiar

Asfendiar followed his guards, resigned to death, which he had already seen at no great distance. The grandees of Laodicea were assembled in the presence chamber round the empty throne, and could not agree in the choice of a person to fill it; one among the rest, terrified by the apprehensions of a civil war, represented to them, that their enemies kept spies in the city; that one of them was already in chains; that several others might have escaped the vigilance of the magistrates; and that the intelligence they would give to their masters of their present disagreement about the election of a king, might be attended with fatal consequences to the state. The grandees, intimidated by this remark, had determined to interrogate the prisoner in custody, and in consequence of this resolution Asfendiar was brought before them.

The prince appeared composed and undaunted, addressed them with a noble air and manly eloquence, and did not conceal a single circumstance of his life, neither disguising his name, his birth, the reasons of his leaving his native country, his adventures since, nor the reflections which had occasioned them.

The ingenuous manner in which he related his story, his constancy, his sagacity, the rigour of his fate, the purity of his conduct, and above all, his firm reliance on the Supreme Being, sensibly affected the whole assembly. Some of the grandees who had seen him at his father's court, recollected his features, and to put an end to the great confusion and distress they were in by being reduced to choose out of their own body for their

magistrate, they unanimously agreed to elect Asfendiar. "Heaven, without doubt, cries one of the senators, has sent us this stranger to terminate our differences; he alone is worthy to reign over us, who sprung from royal blood, has the virtues of his ancestors to imitate, and their steps to follow; the misfortunes that this young prince has undergone, the experience they have taught him, his noble and majestic air, all announce to us that he will be a great king, solely occupied in promoting the glory and happiness of his subjects." The whole assembly after this speech, acknowledged him for their sovereign, and he passed in a moment from a prison to a throne. His coronation was precipitately prepared, he was clad in a costly robe, and being seated on a white elephant according to the custom of the place from time immemorial, he was led through the principal streets of the city, attended by his court, that he might receive the homage of his new subjects, which was carried almost to adoration.

Three days had passed since Asfendiar had quitted his companions, who affectionately regretted his absence, and apprehended for a stranger, the fate which had really befallen him at first; full of inquietude they repaired to the city to get intelligence concerning him. On their arrival they learnt that a new sovereign had been proclaimed; and not doubting that a coronation day would be a day of grace for all criminals, they secretly rejoiced at this event, which gave them hopes of recovering their unfortunate fellow traveller. As the new monarch descended the high street of Laodicea,

odicea, the three strangers resolved to have a full view of him, and placed them so advantageously, that it was impossible he should avoid seeing them, at the same time that they indulged their curiosity in fixing their regards upon him.

As soon as Asfendiar saw them, though become a monarch, he instantly acknowledged his old comrades, desired them to approach his person, and as soon as they were recovered from their extreme surprise, he thus addressed them, amidst the crowds of people that surrounded them.

"My friends, behold one of the most powerful operations of Providence. Will you believe that I have been able to make myself sultan of Laodicea, or when I shall have bestowed on you those favours which gratitude exacts

from me: will you imagine that it is me, who confers on you those benefits which Providence has reserved for you? No, my dear companions, we are all the servants of the Supreme Being, but none of us knows the fate to which he is destined."

In fact, this prince confided solely in Providence, on which he firmly relied, by which means he became one of the best monarchs in the world: his former companions he dismissed, loaded with presents, to pursue their different occupations, and he governed his people with wisdom and clemency.

Sire, added the old dervise, let this history dissipate your doubts, and convince you, that, *all is for the best,** that, *whatever is, is right,†* or in other words, that no man can avoid his destiny.‡



POLITICAL PAPERS.

Extraordinary Proceedings in Congress.

Monday, March 14.

MR. Giles thought the challenge which had been given to the member from Georgia was a serious breach of the privileges of that House, and he trusted the House would take up the business in a proper manner. For this purpose he moved, that the gentleman be requested to draw up a statement of the affair in writing, and lay it before the house.

After a number of observations from different members, upon the best method of proceeding in the business, Mr. Baldwin laid some papers on the table containing a statement of the affair, which were read, and the further consideration

of the business put off till to-morrow.

The papers which Mr. Baldwin laid on the table were,
(No. 1.)

Philadelphia, March 9, 1796.

SIR,

My letters apprise me of a paper signed by a number of the senators and representatives of the Georgia assembly, which has been forwarded to you to be presented to Congress, in case the purchasers

* *Vid. Voltaire's Candide or the Optimist.*

† *Pope's Essay on Man.*

‡ *Mahomet's Alcoran.*

of Georgia, western lands should offer their territory to the government of the United States, previous to the meeting of the legislature of that state. As a member of the senate, I have a right to a perusal of any paper from the state of Georgia, intended for public use, and, Sir, as an individual who may be interested in its contents, I demand the original paper, or a certified copy, with the names of all the signers.

I am, Sir,
your obedient servant,

J. GUNN.

Hon. Mr. Baldwin.

(No. 2.)

Philadelphia, March 10, 1796.

Your extraordinary note of yesterday is just put into my hands. You speak of a "paper to be presented to congress on a certain contingency," and of your right "to a perusal of any paper from the state of Georgia, intended for public use." It is very probable I may at some times have papers from Georgia, intended for public use, which may have been confided to my individual discretion.—Such a paper as you describe I have not yet seen. Had you approached me in the forms of common civility, there is no letter in my possession so secret, that I should not willingly have submitted it to your perusal; I have none that I think proper to surrender to your demand.

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

ABR. BALDWIN.

Hon. Gen. Gunn.

(No. 3.)

March 11, 1796.

SIR,

I have received your note of the 10th inst. Had you been govern-

ed by motives of common civility or decency, you would not have concealed from my view a paper more than four weeks in your possession, which was to be used whenever an occasion offered to do me an injury. I shall not repeal my call for that paper, but view the concealer of the *weapon of an assassin*, an associate in the guilt. I therefore demand satisfaction, and ask you, Sir, to have the goodness to inform my friend, Gen. Frelinghuysen, when and where I may meet you.

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

J. GUNN.

Hon. Mr. Baldwin.

(No. 4.)

Friday, March 11, 1796.

SIR,

Will you be so obliging as to communicate to me, in writing, your recollection of my offer to submit to your perusal all the letters of myself and colleague, how you expressed it to Gen. Gunn, and his reply. I am unwilling to give you this trouble, but it seems to be necessary to enable me to determine what course I shall pursue on the subject of the note which you handed me this morning.

With great respect,

I am, Sir,

your obedient servant,

AB^m. BALDWIN.

Gen. Frelinghuysen.

(No. 5.)

Philadelphia, March 12, 1796.

SIR,

I received your note too late last evening to answer it. We had three conversations yesterday on the subject of the controversy between you and Gen. Gunn. In the first, you offered to submit to my perusal all the letters of yourself and colleague, without any condition,

condition, and I so expressed it to Gen. Gunn, who appeared satisfied with the proposal. In the second, I requested you to appoint an hour for the purpose; you then annexed this condition, that after perusing the letters, I should not be at liberty to communicate their contents to Gen. Gunn, unless he, in my judgment, was entitled to the letters upon demand.

I mentioned this to Gen. Gunn, in your very words, and at the same time told him, that I did not wish to be a judge in the matter. In our third conversation I informed you, that Gen. Gunn was dissatisfied with your last proposal; that he conceived himself justly entitled to see the letters, or to know their contents—and I handed you the note. I do not think it necessary to detail any other part of our conversation.

I am, Sir, &c.

F. FRELINGHUYSEN.

Mr. A. Baldwin.

Tuesday, March 15.

Letters from Gen. Gunn and Gen. Frelinghuysen, of the senate, to the speaker of the house, were read, and referred to the committee of privileges. They are as follows:

Philadelphia, March 15, 1796.

S I R,

It is with real concern that I have learnt, that a correspondence between Mr. Baldwin, of the house of representatives, and myself, has been represented as an intended breach of the privileges of that house. I feel myself required, by the respect I owe to the house, and in justice to myself, without the smallest delay, to declare, that the correspondence alluded to, originated in considerations strictly personal, and which had no reference to any question

before congress. I will add, Sir, that nothing was more distant from my intentions than to have taken a step on this occasion which would be construed into a disrespect of the house—much less into a breach of any of their privileges.

Though this correspondence has been viewed by me as incapable of effecting the privileges of the house of representatives, yet, as doubts may be entertained on this point, I pledge myself to respect, on this occasion, these privileges in their broadest interpretation; and I do assure you, Sir, that though the place in which Mr. Baldwin has thought proper to disclose this transaction is quite unexpected, it shall be to him an inviolable sanctuary.

With great respect,

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your obedient servant,

J. GUNN.

Hon. Jon. Dayton, Esq. speaker to the house of representatives.

Philadelphia, March 15, 1796.

S I R,

It has been hinted to me, that insinuations are made relative to my conduct in the unpleasant controversy between Gen. Gunn and Mr. Baldwin, injurious to my character. It is said that by my frequent calls upon Mr. Baldwin, I prevented him from taking a part in the debates of last Friday—I will state Sir, to you, facts which Mr. Baldwin will not deny. When I first called upon him, I expressly asked him, whether he was at leisure? He said he was at leisure, and very willingly engaged in a conversation of about five minutes—at the close of which I asked him, whether I should call on him again while

at the house, or whether he would be engaged? He desired me to call on him again at the house.—At the close of our second interview, I again asked him the same questions, and he made the same reply. To the best of my memory, the three conversations did not take up ten minutes, during which time Mr. Giles was speaking.

I will add, Sir, that if Mr. Baldwin will have the candour to relate to the honourable house of representatives the whole of my conduct on this occasion, I am confident he will fully convince them that I had not the most distant idea, either of infringing their privileges, or of hurting his feelings; but, that the amicable settlement of the controversy was the sole object of my wishes.

I am, Sir,

with great esteem,

your most obedient servant,

F. FRELINGHUYSEN.

The honourable the speaker of the house of representatives of the United States.

Thursday, March 17.

A report of the committee of privileges, to whom was referred the papers laid upon the table by Mr. Baldwin, with respect to a challenge he had received from Gen. Gunn, of the senate, together with a letter from that gentleman, and another from Gen. Frelinghuyssen, to the speaker, in exculpation of their conduct: and also a letter from Gen. Frelinghuyssen to the committee, were read. The report states, that the privileges of the house had been infringed, but the committee give it as their opinion, that the letters which had been sent to the speaker and to the committee, should be received as sufficient apologies.

Proceedings in France under the tyranny of ROBERSPIERRE.

[From Miss WILLIAMS's Letters.]

BUT if France, during the unrelenting tyranny of Robespierre, exhibited unexampled crimes, it was also the scene of extraordinary virtue; of the most affecting instances of magnanimity and kindness. Of this nature was the conduct of a young man, who, being a prisoner with his brother, happened to be present when the names of the victims were called over, who were summoned to appear the next day before the sanguinary tribunal. The young man found the name of his brother, who at that moment was absent, upon the mortal list. He paused only a minute to reflect, that the life of a father of a large family was of more value than his own: he answered the call, surrendered himself to the officer, and was executed in his brother's stead. A father made a sacrifice for his son; for the tribunal was so negligent of forms that it was not difficult to deceive its vigilance.

The increasing horrors which every day produced, had, at length, the effect of extinguishing in every heart the love of life, that sentiment which clings so fast to our nature.—To die, and get beyond the reach of oppression, appeared a privilege; and perhaps nothing appalled the souls of tyrants so much as that sincerity with which their victims went to execution. The page of history had held up to the admiration of succeeding ages, those philosophers who have met death with fortitude.—But had they been led among the victims of Robespierre to execution, they would have seen persons of each sex, of all ages, and all conditions, look

look upon death with contempt equal to their own. Socrates expiring, surrounded by his friends, or Seneca and Lucan, sinking gently into death, have, perhaps, less claim to admiration, than those blooming beauties, who, in all the first freshness of youth, in every spring of life, submitted to the stroke of the executioner, with placid smiles on their countenances, and looked like angels in their flights to heaven!

Among the victims of the tyrants, the women have been particularly distinguished for their admirable firmness in death. Perhaps this arose from the superior sensibility which belongs to the female mind, and which made it feel that it was less terrible to die, than to survive the object of its tenderness. When the general who commanded at Longway, on its surrender to the Prussians, was condemned to die, his wife, a beautiful young woman of about 24 years of age, who heard the sentence pronounced, cried out in the tone of despair, "*Vive la roi.*" The inhuman tribunal, instead of attributing her conduct to distraction, condemned her to die. Her husband, when he was placed in the cart, was filled with astonishment and anguish, when he saw his beloved wife led towards it.—The people, shocked at the spectacle, followed her to the scaffold, crying, "she did not deserve death." "My friends," said she, "it is my own fault: I was resolved to perish with my husband."

The fury of those implacable monsters seemed directed with peculiar virulence against that sex whose weakness man was destined by nature to support. The scaffold was every day bathed with the blood of women. Some who had

been condemned to die, but had been respited on account of their pregnancy, were dragged to death immediately after their delivery, in that state of weakness which savages would have respected.—One unfortunate woman, the wife of a peasant, had been brought to Paris, with nineteen other women of the same class, and condemned to die with her companions. She heard her sentence without emotion, but when they came to carry her to execution, and take away the infant who was hanging to her breast, and receiving that nourishment of which death was soon to dry up the source, she rent the air with her cries, with the strong shrieks of instinctive affection, the piercing throes of maternal tenderness—But in vain!—the infant was torn from the bosom which cherished it, and the agonies of the unfortunate mother found respite in death.

Fourteen young girls of Verdon, who had danced at a ball given by the Prussians, were led to the scaffold together, and looked like nymphs adorned for a festival.—Sometimes whole generations were swept away at one moment, and the tribunal exhibited many a family piece, which has broken the heart of humanity. Malesherbes, the council of Louis XVI. was condemned to die, at eighty years of age, with his daughter, and his son in law, his granddaughter and grandson.

His daughter seemed to have lost sight of every earthly object, but her venerable parent; she embraced him a thousand times on the way to execution; bathed his face with tears; and when the minister of death dragged her from him, forgetting that the next moment put an end to her own

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life,

life, she exclaimed, "Wretch, are you going to murder my father?"

The proscribed families seemed to find the sweetest source of consolation in dying together, and to consider the momentary passage which they were going to make, as so much the less painful, since they should undergo no separation but enter at the same instant into another state of existence. A young lady, the former Marchioness Brois Beranger, was imprisoned in Luxembourg, with her whole family. When her father, mother, and youngest sister received their act of accusation, and she found herself alone exempted, she shed a flood of tears; her heart was overwhelmed with anguish; "you will die without me," she cried: "I am condemned to survive you; we shall not perish together!"—While she abandoned herself to despair, her act of accusation arrived; a ray of transport was instantly diffused over her countenance, she flew into the arms of her parents, and embraced them, "we shall die together!" When the unfortunate family was transferred to the Conciergerie, she never left her mother a moment, but watched over her with unwearied tenderness; and while she tried to soothe her sufferings, by her filial endearments, she endeavoured to inspire her with courage, by the example of her own heroic fortitude. It was the picture of a sort of Roman charity. The unfortunate mother was mute, and her whole soul seemed petrified with horror. Her admirable daughter died with the most noble resolution.

Mademoiselle Malest, her youngest sister, when condemned to die,

said to her father with *naviete*, "I will cling so fast to you, my dear father, you, who are so good that God will suffer me to pass in spite of my transgressions." In the prison of the Force, the men were allowed to breathe the air in a court yard, separated by a wall from the habitation of the women.

A common sewer was the only means of communication. At that spot an unhappy son presented himself every morning and every evening, to enquire after his mother, who was condemned to die, but reprieved because she was pregnant, and after her delivery executed. That pious child, in his early age, already the victim of misfortune, knelt down before the infectious sewer, and with his mouth placed upon the hole, poured forth the feelings of his filial tenderness. His younger brother, a lovely child of three years of age, who was suffered to remain with his mother till her last moments, was often placed at the opposite end of the sewer, and answered for his mother, when she was too ill to undertake the task herself. A person of my acquaintance heard him say, "mama has not cried so much to night, she has slept a little, and wishes you a good morning—it is a Lolo who speaks to you, who loves you very much." At length this unfortunate mother, when going to execution, transmitted to her son, by the sewer, her long and graceful tresses, as the only inheritance she had to give. She then bade her infant a last farewell, and was led to the scaffold, where her husband had perished a few months before her.

A Composition for Preserving Weather Boarding.

[From vol. XII. of "Transactions of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, &c. in London."]

THE receipt for this composition was communicated to the secretary of the society by William Patterson, Esq. of Ibor-den, in Kent.

I have often thought something much wanted, says Mr. Patterson, for preserving weather boarding, &c. from the injuries of the weather. Tar and oaker, and other mixtures recommended for the purpose, I have tried, but do not find they answer: I therefore have made many experiments to discover a composition better adapted to the purpose, and I think I have found one which answers my expectation—It is impenetra-

ble to water, is not injured by the action of weather, or heat of the sun, which hardens it, and consequently increases its duration—It is much cheaper than paint, and more lasting.

R E C I P E.

Three parts air slacked lime, two of wood ashes, and one of fine sand: Sift these through a fine sieve, and add as much linseed oil as will bring it to a consistence for working with a painter's brush; great care must be taken to mix it perfectly. I believe grinding it as paint would be an improvement; two coats are necessary; the first rather thin, the second as thick as can conveniently be worked—it will improve in hardness by time, and is much superior for the purpose to any thing I know of.

The thanks of the society were voted to Mr. Patterson.



HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

[Continued from page 153.]

THE piazzas and court were paved with marble of various colours: and, at a small distance from the galleries, was a second inclosure, surrounded with a flight of beautiful marble rails, with stately columns at proper distances, on which were engraven certain admonitions in Greek and Latin, to forbid strangers, and those Jews that were not purified, to proceed farther upon pain of death. This inclosure had but one gate on the east side; none on the west; but on the north and south it had three, placed at equal distances from each other.

A third inclosure surrounded

the temple, properly so called, and the altar of burnt-offerings; and made what they called the court of the Hebrews or Israelites. It was square like the rest: but the wall on the outside was surrounded by a flight of 14 steps, which hid a considerable part of it; and on the top was a terrace of about 15 cubits in breadth, which went quite round the whole cincture. The east side had but one gate; the west none; and the north and south four, at equal distances. Each gate was ascended by five steps more, before one could reach the level of the inward court; so that the wall which inclosed it appeared

appeared within to be but 25 cubits high, though considerably higher on the outside. On the inside of each of those gates were raised a couple of spacious square chambers, in form of a pavilion, 30 cubits wide and 40 in height, each supported by columns of 12 cubits in circumference.

This inclosure had likewise a double flight of galleries on the inside, supported by a double row of columns; but the western side was only one continued wall, without gates or galleries. The women had likewise their particular courts separate from that of the men, and one of the gates on the north and south leading to it.

The altar of burnt-offerings was likewise high and spacious, being 40 cubits in breadth, and 15 in height. The ascent to it was, according to the Mosaic law, smooth, and without steps; and the altar of unhewn stones. It was surrounded, at a convenient distance, with a low wall or rail, which divided the court of the priests from that of the lay Israelites; so that these last were allowed to come thus far to bring their offerings and sacrifices; though none but the priests were allowed to come within that inclosure.

Herod caused a new dedication of this temple to be performed with the utmost magnificence; and presented to it many rich trophies of his former victories, after the custom of the Jewish monarchs.

This, and many other magnificent works, however, did not divert the king's attention from his usual jealousies and cruelty. His sister Salome, and one of his sons named *Antipater*, taking advantage of this disposition, prompted him to murder his two sons by Mari-

amne, named *Alexander* and *Aristobulus*, who had been educated at the court of Augustus in Italy, and were justly admired by all who saw them. His cruelty soon after broke out in an impotent attempt to destroy the Saviour of the world, but which was attended with no other consequence than the destruction of 2000 innocent children of his own subjects. His misery was almost brought to its summit by the discovery of Antipater's designs against himself; who was accordingly tried and condemned for treason. Something still more dreadful, however, yet awaited him; he was seized with a most loathsome and incurable disease, in which he was tormented with intolerable pains, so that his life became a burden. At last he died, to the great joy of the Jews, five days after he had put Antipater to death, and after having divided his kingdom among his sons in the following manner. — Archelaus had Judea; Antipas or Herod was tetrarch of Galilee and Perea; and Philip had the regions of Trachonitus, Gaulon, Batanea, and Panias, which he erected likewise into a tetrarchy. To his sister Salome he gave 50,000 pieces of money, together with the cities of Jamnia, Azotus, and Phasaelis; besides some considerable legacies to his other relations.

The cruelty of this monster accompanied him to his grave; nay, he in a manner carried it beyond the grave. Being well apprised that the Jews would rejoice at being freed from such a tyrant, he bethought himself of the following infernal stratagem to damp their mirth. A few days before his death he summoned all the heads of the Jews to repair to Jericho

Jericho under pain of death ; and, on their arrival, ordered them all to be shut up in the circus, giving at the same time strict orders to his sister Salome, and her husband, to have all the prisoners butchered as soon as his breath was gone out. " By this means (said he) I shall not only damp the people's joy, but secure a real mourning at my death." These cruel orders, however, were not put in execution. Immediately after the king's death, Salome went to the Hippodrome, where the heads of the Jews were detained, caused the gates to be flung open, and declared to them, that now the king had no farther occasion for their attendance, and that they might depart to their respective homes ; after which, and not till then, the news of the king's death was published. Tumults, seditions, and insurrections, quickly followed. Archelaus was opposed by his brethren, and obliged to appear at Rome before Augustus, to whom many complaints were brought against him. After hearing both parties, the emperor made the following division of the kingdom : Archelaus had one half, under the title of ethnarch, or governor of a nation ; together with a promise that he should have the title of king, as soon as he showed himself worthy of it. This ethnarchy contained Judea Propria, Idumea, and Samaria : but this last was exempted from one-fourth of the taxes paid by the rest, on account of the peaceable behaviour of the inhabitants during the late tumults. The remainder was divided between Philip and Herod ; the former of whom had Trachonitus, Batanea, and Auranitus, together with a small part of Galilee ; the latter had the rest of Galilee and the countries beyond

the Jordan. Salome had half a million of silver, together with the cities of Jamnia, Azotus, Phasaelis, and Ascalon.

For some years Archelaus enjoyed his government in peace : but at last, both Jews and Samaritans, tired out with his tyrannical behaviour, joined in a petition to Augustus against him. The emperor immediately summoned him to Rome, where, having heard his accusation and defence, he banished him to the city of Vienne in Dauphiny, and confiscated all his effects. Judea being by this sentence reduced to a Roman province, was ordered to be taxed : and Cyrenius the governor of Syria, a man of consular dignity, was sent thither to see it put in execution : which having done, and sold the palaces of Archelaus, and seized upon all his treasure, he returned to Antioch, leaving the Jews in no small ferment on account of this new tax.

Thus were the seeds of dissension sown between the Jews and Romans, which ended in the most lamentable catastrophe of the former. The Jews, always impatient of a foreign yoke, knew from their prophecies, that the time was now come when the Messiah should appear. Of consequence, as they expected him to be a great and powerful warrior, their rebellious and seditious spirit was heightened to the greatest degree ; and they imagined they had nothing to do but take up arms, and victory would immediately declare on their side. From this time, therefore, the country was never quiet ; and the infatuated people, while they rejected the true Messiah, gave themselves up to the direction of every impostor who chose to lead them to their own destruction.

tion. The governors appointed by the Romans were also frequently changed, but seldom for the better. About the 16th year of Christ, Pontius Pilate was appointed governor; the whole of whose administration, according to Josephus, was one continued scene of venality, rapine, tyranny, and every wicked action; of racking and putting innocent men to death, untried and uncondemned; and of every kind of savage cruelty. Such a governor was but ill calculated to appease the ferments occasioned by the late tax. Indeed Pilate was so far from attempting this, that he greatly inflamed them, by taking every occasion of introducing his standards, with images and pictures, consecrated shields, &c. into their city; and at last attempting to drain the treasury of the temple, under pretence of bringing an aqueduct into Jerusalem. The most remarkable transaction of his government, however, was his condemnation of Jesus Christ: seven years after which he was removed from Judea; and in a short time Agrippa, the grandson of Herod the Great, was promoted by Caius to the regal dignity. He did not, however, long enjoy this honour; for, on his coming into Judea, having raised a persecution against the Christians, and blasphemously suffering himself to be styled a *God*, by some deputies from Tyre and Sidon, he was miraculously struck with a disease, which soon put an end to his life. The sacred historian tells us, that he was eaten of worms; and Josephus, that he was seized with most violent pains in his heart and bowels; so that he could not but reflect on the baseness of those flatterers, who had but lately complimented him with a kind

of divine immortality, that was now about to expire in all the torments and agonies of a miserable mortal.

On the death of Agrippa, Judea was once more reduced to a province of the Roman empire, and had new governors appointed over it. These were Ventidius, Felix, Festus Albinus, and Gessius Florus. Under their government the Jewish affairs went on from bad to worse; the country swarmed with robbers and assassins; the latter committing every where the most unheard of cruelties, under the pretence of religion; and about 64 A. C. were joined by 18 thousand workmen, who had been employed in further repairing and beautifying the temple. About this time also, Gessius Florus, the last and worst governor the Jews ever had, was sent into the country. Josephus seems at a loss for words to describe him by, or a monster to compare him to. His rapines, cruelties, conniving for large sums with the banditti, and, in a word, his whole behaviour, was so open and barefaced, that he was looked upon by the Jews more like a bloody executioner sent to butcher, than a magistrate to govern them. In this distracted state of the country, many of the inhabitants forsook it to seek for an asylum somewhere else; while those who remained applied themselves to Cestius Gallus, governor of Syria, who was at Jerusalem at the passover; beseeching him to pity their unhappy state, and free them from the tyranny of a man who had totally ruined their country. Florus, who was present when these complaints were brought against him, made a mere jest of them; and Cestius, instead of making a strict inquiry into his conduct,

conduct, dismissed the Jews with a general promise that the governor should behave better for the future; and set himself about computing the number of Jews at that time in Jerusalem, by the number of lambs offered at that festival, that he might send an account of the whole to Nero. By his computation, there were at that time in Jerusalem 2,556,000; though Josephus thinks they rather amounted to 3,000,000.

In the year 67 began the fatal war with the Romans, which was ended only by the destruction of Jerusalem. The immediate cause was the decision of a contest with the Syrians concerning the city of Cæsarea. The Jews maintained that this city belonged to them, because it had been built by Herod; and the Syrians pretended that it had always been a Greek city, since even that monarch had reared temples and statues in it. The contest at last came to such an height, that both parties took up arms against each other. Felix put an end to it for a time, by sending some of the chiefs of each nation to Rome, to plead their cause before the emperor, where it hung in suspense till this time, when Nero decided it against the Jews. No sooner was this decision made public, than the Jews in all parts of the country flew to arms: and though they were every where the sufferers, yet, from this fatal period, their rage never abated. Nothing was now to be heard of but robberies, murders, and every kind of cruelty. Cities and villages were filled with dead bodies of all ages, even sucking babes. The Jews, on their part, spared neither Syrians nor Romans, where they got the better of them; and this proved the destruction of

great numbers of their peaceful brethren: 20,000 were massacred at Cæsarea, 50,000 at Alexandria, 2000 at Ptolemais, and 3500 at Jerusalem.

A great number of assassins, in the mean time, having joined the factious Jews in Jerusalem, they beat the Romans out of Antonia, a fortress adjoining to the temple, and another called Massada; and likewise out of the towers called Phasaël and Mariamne, killing all who opposed them. The Romans were at last reduced to such straits, that they capitulated on the single condition that their lives should be spared; notwithstanding which, they were all massacred by the furious zealots; and this treachery was soon revenged on the faithful Jews of Scythopolis. These had offered to assist in reducing their factious brethren; but their sincerity being suspected by the townsmen, they obliged them to retire into a neighbouring wood, where, on the third night, they were massacred to the number of 13,000, and all their wealth carried off. The rebels, in the mean time, crossed the Jordan, and took the fortresses of Machæron and Cyprus; which last they razed to the ground, after having put all the Romans to the sword. — This brought Cestius Gallus, the Syrian governor, into Judea with all his forces; but the Jews, partly by treachery and partly by force, got the better of him, and drove him out of the country with the loss of 5000 men.

All this time such dreadful dissensions reigned among the Jews, that great numbers of the better sort, foreseeing the sad effects of the resentment of the Romans, left the city as men do a sinking vessel; and the Christians, mindful of their

their Saviour's prediction, retired to Pella, a city on the other side of Jordan, whether the war did not reach. Miserable was the fate of such as either could not, or would not, leave that devoted city. Vespasian was now ordered to leave Greece, where he was at that time, and to march with all speed into Judea. He did so accordingly, at the head of a powerful army, ordering his son Titus in the mean time to bring two more legions from Alexandria; but before he could reach that country, the Jews had twice attempted to take the city of Ascalon, and were each time repulsed, with the loss of 10,000 of their number. In the beginning of the year 68, Vespasian entered Galilee at the head of an army of 60,000 men, all completely armed and excellently disciplined. He first took and burnt Gadara: then he laid siege to Jotapa, and took it after a stout resistance; at which he was so provoked, that he caused every one of the Jews to be massacred or carried into captivity, not one being left to carry the dreadful news to their brethren.—Forty thousand perished on this occasion; only 1200 were made prisoners, among whom was Josephus, the Jewish historian. Japha next shared the same fate, after an obstinate siege; all the men being massacred, and the women and children carried into captivity. A week after this, the Samaritans, who had assembled on Mount Gerizzim, were almost all put to the sword, or perished. Joppa

fell the next victim to the Roman vengeance. It had been formerly laid waste by Cestius; but was now repeopled and fortified by the seditious Jews who infested the country. It was taken by storm, and shared the same fate with the rest. Four thousand Jews attempted to escape by taking to their ships; but were driven back by a sudden tempest, and all of them were drowned or put to the sword. Tarichea and Tiberias were next taken, but part of their inhabitants were spared on account of their peaceable dispositions. Then followed the sieges of Gamala, Gischala, and Itabyr. The first was taken by storm, with a dreadful slaughter of the Jews; the last by stratagem. The inhabitants of Gischala were inclinable to surrender: but a seditious Jew of that town, named John, the son of Levi, head of the faction, and a vile fellow, opposed it; and, having the mob at his back, overawed the whole city. On the Sabbath, he begged of Titus to forbear hostilities till to-morrow, and then he would accept his offer; but instead of that, he fled to Jerusalem with as many as would follow him. The Romans, as soon as they were informed of his flight, pursued and killed 6000 of his followers on the road, and brought back near 3000 women and children prisoners.—The inhabitants then surrendered to Titus, and only the factious were punished; and this completed the reduction of Galilee.

[To be continued.]

POETICAL ESSAYS.

POETICAL LETTER

From a Lady, on her Death-Bed, to her Husband.

THOU who doth all my worldly thoughts employ,
 Thou pleasing source of all my worldly joy !
 Thou tend'rest husband, and thou truest friend,
 To thee, this fond, this last adieu, I send.
 All conquering death assumes his awful right,
 And will for ever veil thee from my sight.
 He wooes me to him with a cheerful grace,
 And not one terror clouds his meagre face :
 Clearly he sets the joys of heaven in view,
 And shews me that no other joys are true ;
 He promises a lasting rest from pain,
 And shews me that life's flattering joys are vain ;
 But love, fond love, would fain resist his pow'r,
 Would yet a while defer the parting hour ;
 It brings thy mournful image to my eyes,
 And would obstruct my journey to the skies ;
 But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend,
 Say, shouldst thou grieve to see my sorrows end ?
 Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've pass'd,
 And should'st thou mourn that death has come at last ;
 Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,
 And die, as I have liv'd—thy faithful wife.



The dying Rake's Soliloquy.

IN the fever of youth, ev'ry pulse in a flame ;
 Regardless of fortune, of health, and of fame ;
 Gay pleasure my aim, and profusion my pride,
 No vice was untasted, no wish was deny'd.
 Grown headstrong and haughty, capricious and vain,
 Not decency aw'd me, nor laws could restrain ;
 The vigils of Comus and Venus I kept,
 Though tired, not sated, in sunshine I slept :
 All my appetites pall'd, I no pleasure enjoy'd,
 Excess made 'em tasteless, their frequency cloy'd.
 When my health, and my fortune, to riot gave way,
 And my parts, and my vigour, felt total decay ;
 The doctors were sent for, who greedy of fees,
 Engag'd that their skill should remove the disease ;
 With looks most important each symptom was weigh'd,
 And the face of prescription full gravely was play'd.

Reduc'd by their arts, and quite worn to a lath,
 My carcase was sent to the vultures of Bath.
 When drench'd and well drain'd by the faculty there,
 All the hope that remain'd was to try native air,
 Scarce a droit in my purse, or a drop in my veins,
 To my old mortgag'd house they couvey'd my remains ;
 No friend to assist, no relation to grieve,
 And scarcely a bed my bare bones to receive ;
 With solitude curs'd, and tormented with pain,
 Distemper'd my body, distracted my brain.

Thus from folly to vice, and from vice to the grave,
 I sink, of my passions the victim and slave.
 No longer debauch, or companions deceive,
 But alarm'd at the vengeance, I'd fain disbelieve ;
 With horrors foreboding, desponding I lie,
 Though tired of living, yet dreading to die.



The Insolvent Debtor.

DEVOID of all care was my morning of life :
 Friends and traffic fulfill'd each desire,
 As true and as good, as she's fair, was my wife,
 And my babes lisp'd the joy of their fire.
 But misfortune, dire spectre, my hopes did depress,
 And villainy injur'd my fame ;
 My credit, once great, ev'ry moment grew less,
 And friendship I found but a name.
 A hard-hearted creditor view'd my distress,
 His soul was ne'er form'd to relieve !
 He plung'd me, alas ! in a prison's recess,
 Depriv'd of all sense but to grieve.
 No friend took the pains my dark mansion to seek,
 My wife dim'd each eye with a tear—
 My children—but why of their woes shall I speak—
 It drives me, alas ! to despair.
 Sharp misery stings—fortune hovers around,
 The life springs of comfort are dry ;
 No relief for so woe worn a wretch can be found.
 But to hide his despair and to die.



Hypocrisy detected.

<p>THUS says the prophet of the Turk, Good mussulman, abstain from pork ;</p>	<p>There is a part in every swine No friend or follower of mine May taste, whate'er his inclination, On pain of excommunication.</p>
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Such

Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,
And thus he left the point at large.
Had he the sinful part express'd,
They might with safety eat the
rest;

But for one piece they thought it
hard,

From the whole hog to be debar'd,
And set their wit at work to find
What joint the prophet had in
mind.

Much controversy straight arose,
These choose the back, the belly
those;

By some 'tis confidently said,
He meant not to forbid the head;
While others at the doctrine rail,
And piously prefer the tail.

Thus, conscience freed from ev'ry
clog,

Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale
apply'd, side.

May make you laugh on t'other
Renounce the world, the preacher
cries,

We do—a multitude replies.

While one as innocent regards

A snug and friendly game at cards;

And one, whatever you may say,
Can see no evil in a play;

Some love a concert, or a race,
And others shooting and the chase.

Revil'd and lov'd, renounc'd and
follow'd, [lov'd;

Thus bit by bit the world is swal-

Each thinks his neighbour makes
too free,

Yet likes a slice as well as he;

With sophistry their sauce they
sweeten, [ten.

Till quite from tail to snout its ca-



*A Song of Praise to God from united
America.*

FROM all below these western
skies,

Let shouts of grateful joy arise;

This new-born empire sound a-
broad

The honours of its guardian God.
Let our grand council lead the
song,

And roll the tide of praise along,
Till the fair current spread around,
From Georgia's banks to Hamp-
shire's bound.

When Britain, great in arts and
arms, [arms,

Pour'd on our coasts war's dire a-
And muster'd all her thund'ring
pow'r,

To crush our glory in an hour:—
Our God with scorn her rage be-
held, [shield;

His own kind arm became our
Confusion on her plots he frown'd,
And shook her Babel to the
ground.

Let Lexington proclaim afar
The honours of the God of war;

While Bunker's-hill and Trenton
join,

To hail the guardianship divine.

Let captur'd Burgoyne tell abroad

The triumphs of Columbia's God;

While baffled Arnold owns the
pow'r, [hour.

Which sav'd us in the dreadful
Let proud Cornwallis bend the
knee

Unto the God of victory:
Who snatch'd the laurels he had
won, [ton.

And gave them up to Washing-

Hail, pow'r supreme! whose out-
stretch'd hand, land,

Favour'd our threat'ned, infant

And led it through war's bloody
race,

To glorious empire, freedom,
peace.

While we beneath our fig trees sit,

And of thy riches taste the sweet,

O may our flaming hearts and
tongues

Shout forth thy praise in endless
songs.

EPIGRAM.

I TELL thee, dear girl, and believe me, 'tis true,
 I never beheld such a creature as you.
 Such wit! and such beauty!—such taste and such pride!
 Thou ne'er hadst an equal since Jezabel died.
 Fine shape, and fine face, with a simper so thievish!
 Yet artful, deceitful, ill-natur'd, and peevish,
 God moulded thy face, but the devil thy heart;
 What a pity that Satan should spoil the best part!

*On the Word* REPRESENTATIVE.

TO represent, is but to personate,
 What should be truly done, at any rate;
 Thus they, who're fairly chose without a fee,
 Should give their votes, no doubt, with liberty;
 But when a seat is sold by th' venal tribe,
 He represents them best—who takes a bribe.

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